

Keen DETECTIVE FUNNIES

10c DEC



[illegible]

DEAN DENTON

scientific adventurer

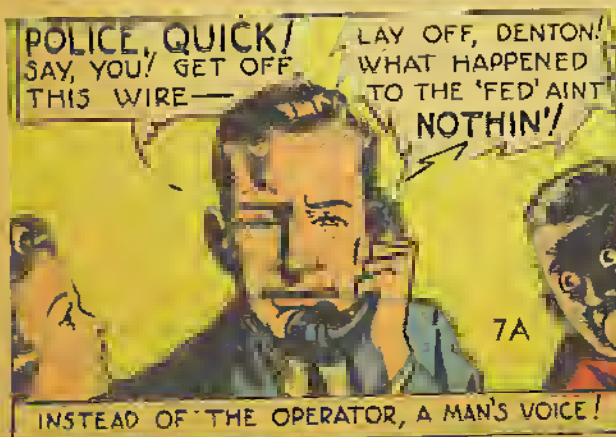
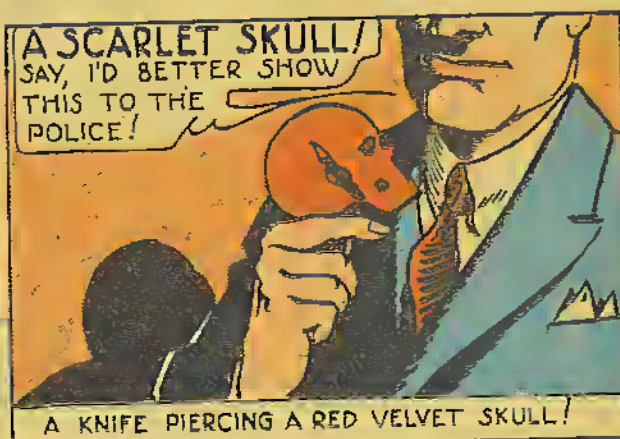
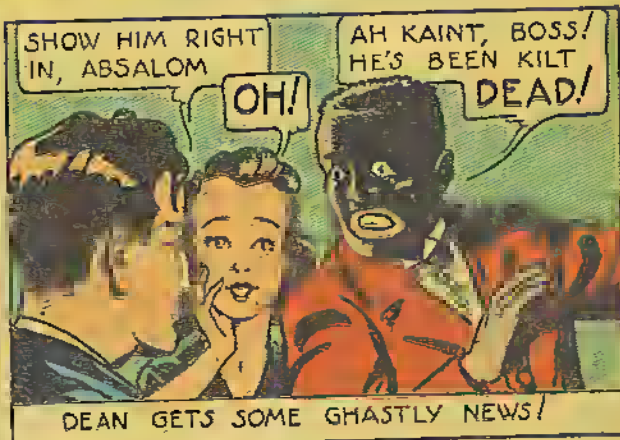
THE CASE OF
THE CONQUEROR'S COUNTERFEITS

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL.

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DEAN, RETIRING FROM HIS CAREER AS RADIO'S HIGHEST PAID VENTRILOQUIST, HAS DEVOTED HIMSELF TO HELPING HUMANITY THROUGH SCIENCE.

HE HAS JUST DISCOVERED A WAY OF DETECTING SOME NEW COUNTERFEIT MONEY. HE IS IN HIS LABORATORY WITH HIS ASSISTANT, CAROL KANE.



THERE HE GOES!



LEAPING THROUGH THE WINDOW—



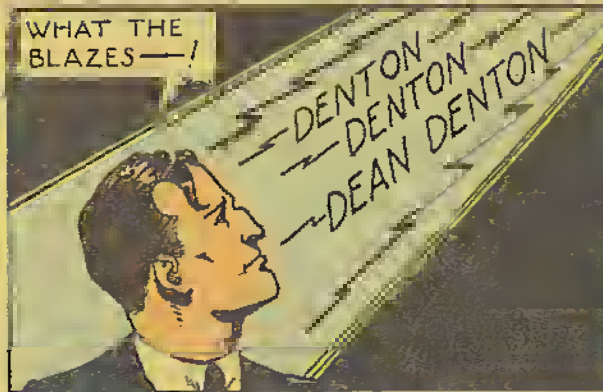
DEAN GIVES CHASE AND IS GAINING!

THIS BEGINS TO LOOK
LIKE A GANG JOB!



BUT HIS QUARRY ESCAPES IN A WAITING CAR—

WHAT THE
BLAZES—!



AND, AS DEAN IS HURRYING HOME!



HE HEARS AN AIRPLANE'S MOTORS,—AND

DENTON, YOU WILL PLACE YOURSELF UNDER
THE CONQUEROR'S ORDERS! GO HOME
AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!



FROM THE SKY COMES AN ODD MESSAGE!

CAROL! OH WHAT
A FOOL I'VE BEEN!



ALARMED, HE DASHES HOME TO FIND—

WHAT
HAPPENED?



DEY WORE RED BATHROBES AN
TOOKEN MIZ CAROL AWAY, AN
DEY'S A NOTE IN MAH POCKET!

ABSALOM BOUND,—AND CAROL GONE!

If you expect to see
your assistant alive again, I will
keep quiet about that x-ray test for
the counterfeits. I am on
15.2 meters at 11 p.m. and we will
prove that we mean business.
The answer is Always Wins.

AGAIN—THAT SINISTER SCARLET SKULL!

ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART, TELL THAT
SMART BOY-FRIEND TO DO AS WE SAY!
DEAN! DEAN! DON'T DO IT!
THEY'LL KILL ME ANYHOW! **CRASH!**
SHUT UP YOU DAME! THE
CONQUEROR WILL SETTLE YOU!
OH, DEAN! DEAN! FOLLOW!
THE SHINING TRAIL! **CRASH!**

CAROL'S VOICE COMES OVER THE AIR!

SMART GIRL, CAROL!
'THE SHINING
TRAIL' IS RIGHT!

HE FINDS AND FOLLOWS THE TRAIL—

LOOKS LIKE THEY TOOK
CAROL IN HERE.

FOR SALE

AT AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE—

NEARLY 11 NOW! SAY,
ABSALOM, THAT'S QUEER!
A TUBE OF LUMINOUS
PAINT I HAD ON THIS
TABLE IS GONE!

AT 11 HE TUNES IN THE RADIO, AND—

'THE SHINING TRAIL'? I WONDER—?
ABSALOM! GET MY CAR! IF THEY
HURT CAROL!

YASSUH!

A HUNCH ABOUT THAT 'SHINING TRAIL'!

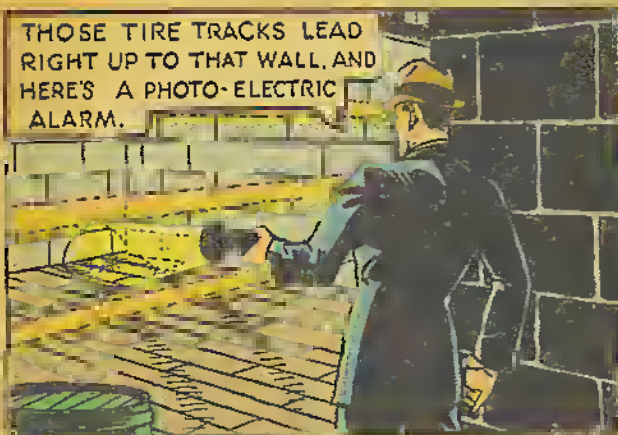
CRUMMY SECTION
OF TOWN!

WHICH LEADS TO THE FACTORY SECTION.

GREASE ON THE FLOOR, AND FRESH, TOO!
THERE'S BEEN A CAR
HERE RECENTLY!

DEAN ENTERS A DESERTED GARAGE

THOSE TIRE TRACKS LEAD
RIGHT UP TO THAT WALL, AND
HERE'S A PHOTO-ELECTRIC
ALARM.

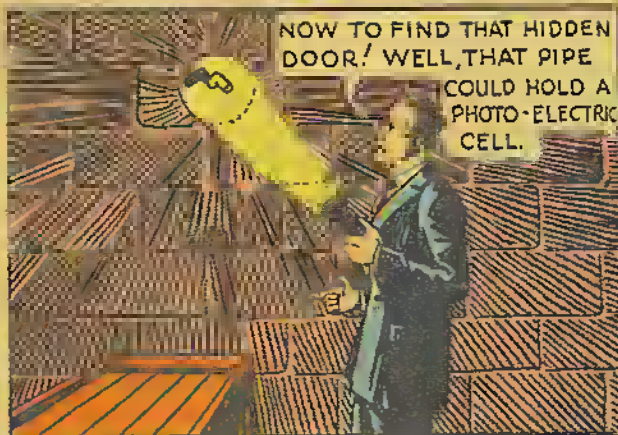


HIS FLASHLIGHT OUTWITS THE ALARM.

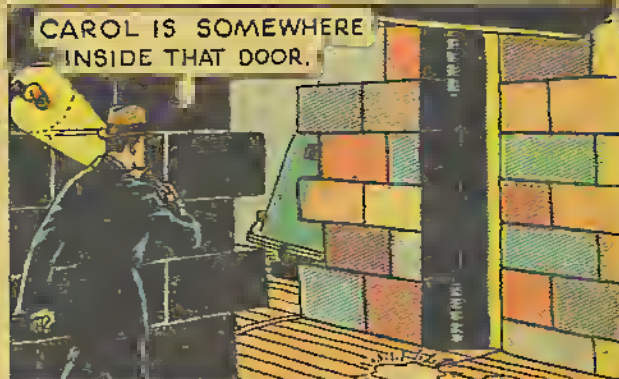


THERE'S MORE THAN ONE
WAY OF BEATING ONE OF
THESE ALARMS.

NOW TO FIND THAT HIDDEN
DOOR! WELL, THAT PIPE
COULD HOLD A
PHOTO-ELECTRIC
CELL.

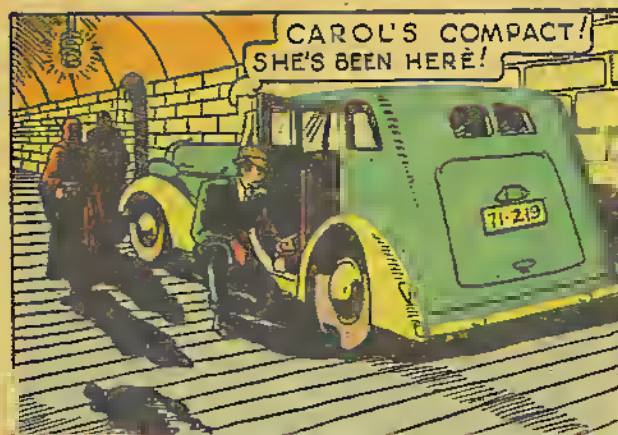


CAROL IS SOMEWHERE
INSIDE THAT DOOR.



A SECTION OF THE HEAVY WALL SWINGS IN

CAROL'S COMPACT!
SHE'S BEEN HERE!



ALL RIGHT, WISE
GUY! K19 WANTS
TO SEE YOU.

THEY MAY
TAKE ME TO
CAROL

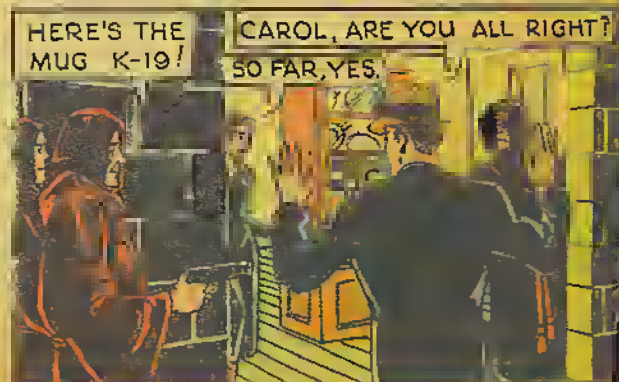
OK, YOU'VE
GOT ME!



DEAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED

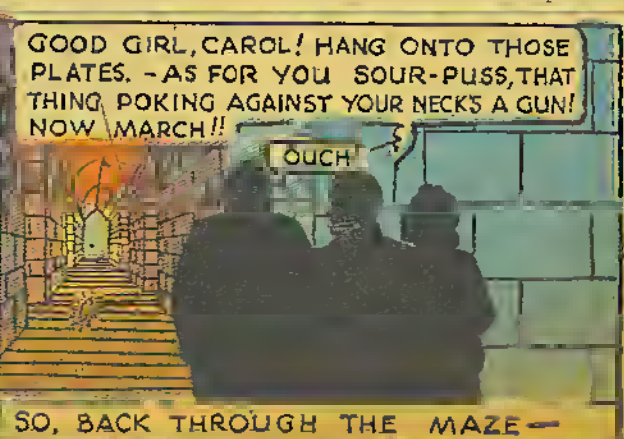
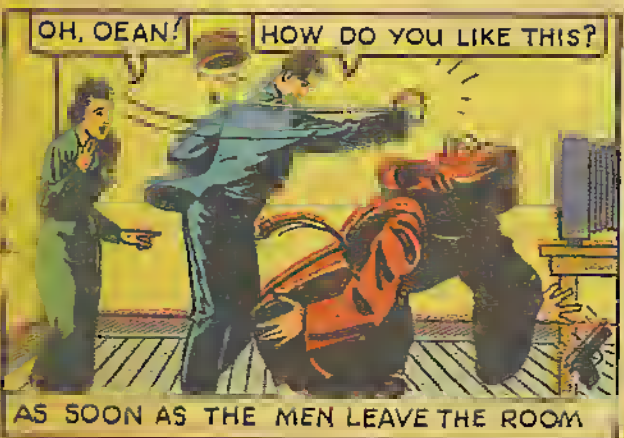
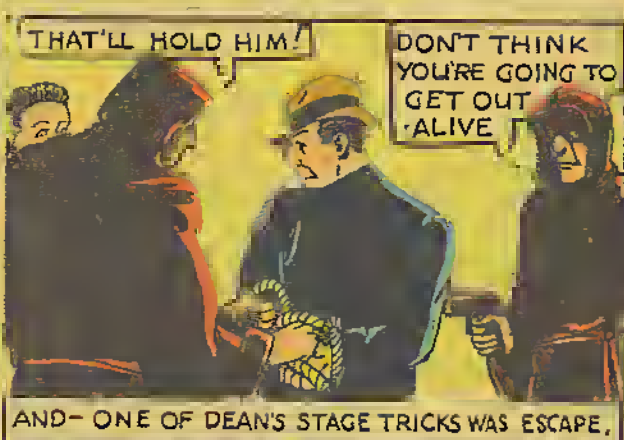
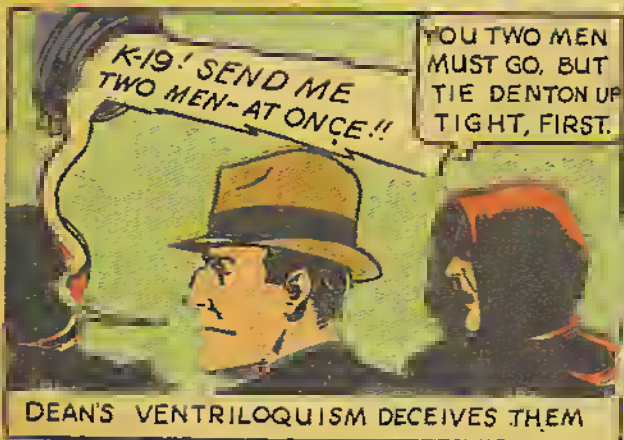
HERE'S THE
MUG K-19!

CAROL, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SO FAR, YES.



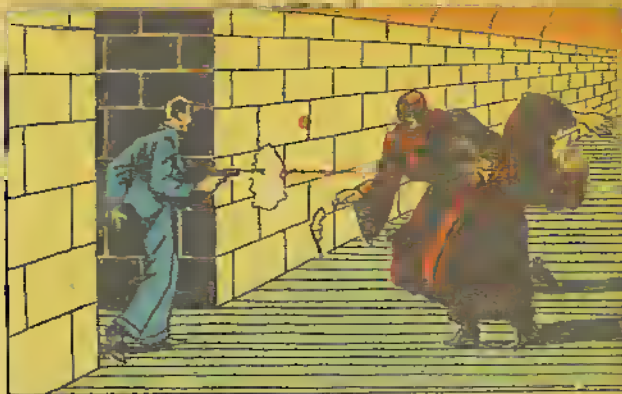
A ROOM FILLED WITH PRINTING MACHINERY

THROUGH A MAZE OF TUNNELS, INTO-





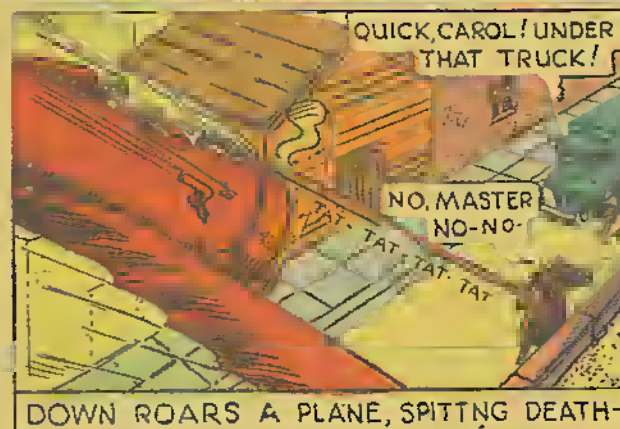
AT THE OUTER DOOR, TWO GUARDS WAIT—



BUT DEAN'S PISTOL CRACKS TWICE—



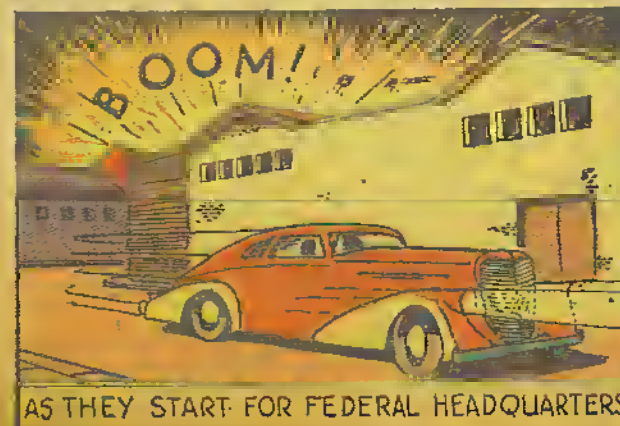
OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE AGAIN—



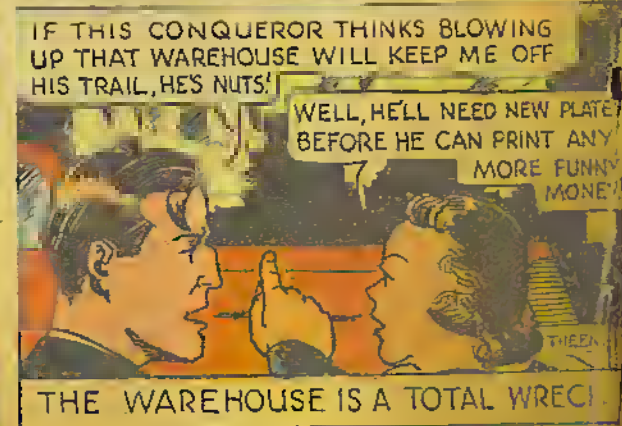
DOWN ROARS A PLANE, SPITTING DEATH—



AND K-19, RIDDLED, CRUMPLES TO EARTH—



AS THEY START FOR FEDERAL HEADQUARTERS



THE WAREHOUSE IS A TOTAL WRECK!

A *Thurston Hunt* DETECTIVE STORY

Pretty Face

By

ARTHUR PINAJIAN



GOOD GOSH! AND ALL IN A WEEK, TOO! SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE! SO FAR OUR EFFORTS HAVE BEEN FUTILE BUT WE MUST GET HIM! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO NEXT!

CHIEF! HE'S GOT HER ---

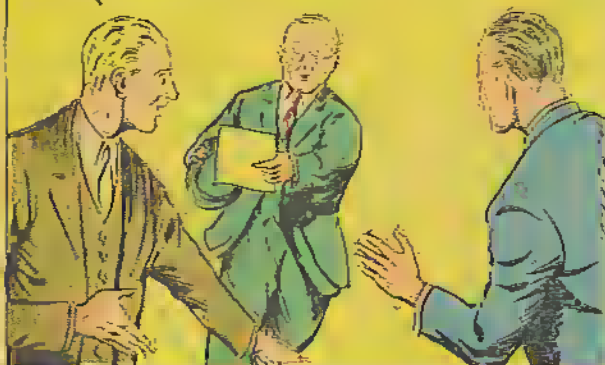
--DORIS--MY FIANCE--SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE PRETTY FACE KILLER! **LOOK--** HE PASTED HIS SEAL ON THE FRONT DOOR--YE GODS-----DORIS IN THE HANDS OF THAT MANIAC--HE'LL KILL HER!

STEADY, TOM, OL' BOY! HOW DID IT HAPPEN--TELL ME EVERYTHING!

IT WAS THIS --
GOOD GOSH-- IT'S
DORIS' FATHER,
GORDON JONES.
THE BANKER --
ANY NEWS OF
DORIS, MR JONES!

TOM! THEY TOLD
ME I'D FIND YOU
HERE! I JUST RE-
CEIVED THIS NOTE
FROM THE KILLER --
HE DEMANDS
\$100,000

LET ME
SEE
THE
NOTE
MR. JONES!



HERE IT IS,
MR. HUNT! TOM,
WE MUST PAY IT
IMMEDIATELY!
NO HARM MUST
COME TO DORIS!

IT SAYS: MR JONES - IF YOU WANT
YOUR DAUGHTER BACK UNHARMED
ARRANGE TO HAVE SOMEONE
DRIVE ALONE TO SMITHVILLE -
TAKE THE NORTH ROAD AND STOP
AT A LARGE OAK TREE TWO AND A
HALF MILES FROM THE STATION!
HAVE \$100,000 IN SMALL BILLS!
A MAN WILL STOP HIM - GIVE HIM
THE MONEY AND RIDE ON!
IF YOU TELL THE POLICE
YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.
PRETTY FACE



I'D LIKE TO
GET MY HANDS
ON THAT
**RAT-
I'D--**

SO WOULD I, TOM!
AND WE WILL! TOM,
YOU'RE GOING TO
TAKE THAT MONEY,
YOURSELF ---- AND
I'LL BE WITH YOU!

THE MONEY
IS READY,
TOM! BUT
HE MUST GO
ALONE, MR.
HUNT! THAT'S
WHAT THE
NOTE SAYS!



HE WILL BE ALONE,
MR JONES -- OUR FIRST
CONSIDERATION IS YOUR
DAUGHTER'S SAFETY!
NOW -- HERE'S MY
PLAN... ETC... ETC!

SAY -- I'M SO
MAD NOW I
COULD HANDLE
THAT MOB ALONE!
IF THEY HARM
DORIS I'LL WIPE
OUT THE WHOLE
GANG!



THAT NIGHT

OKAY BUDDY -- I GOT
DE BAG! NOW MOVE
ON AS IF NUTHIN'
HAPPENED!

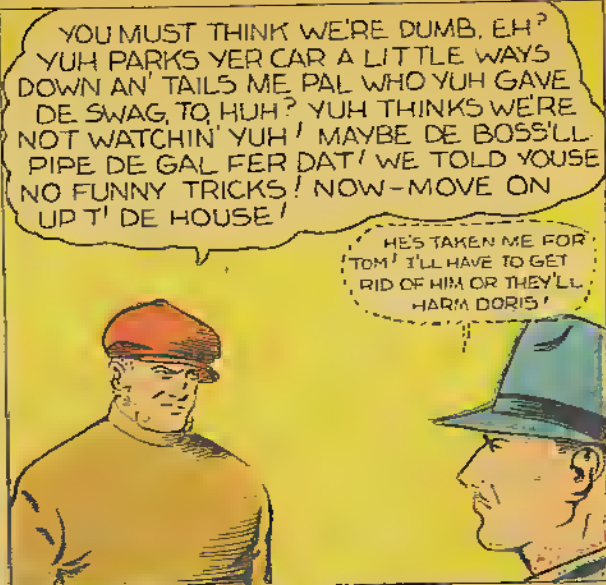


HE'S GOT THE
MONEY -- NOW
TO TAIL HIM!



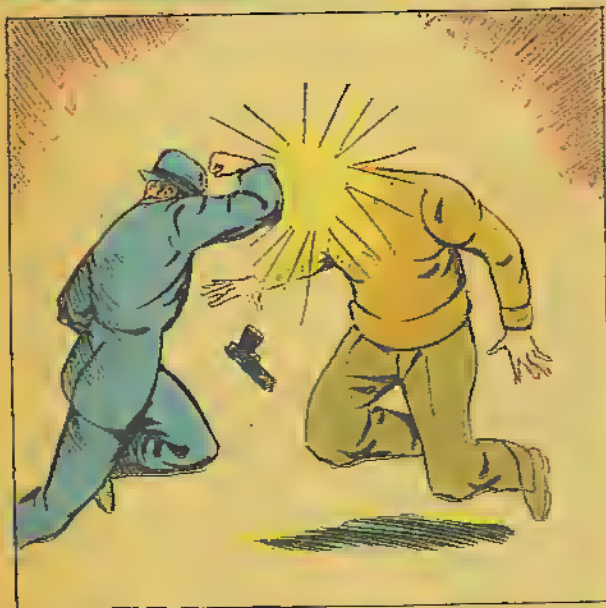


PUT 'EM UP,
HIGH, FELLA!



YOU MUST THINK WE'RE DUMB, EH?
YUH PARKS YER CAR A LITTLE WAYS
DOWN AN' TAILS ME, PAL WHO YUH GAVE
DE SWAG TO, HUH? YUH THINKS WE'RE
NOT WATCHIN' YUH! MAYBE DE BOSS'LL
PIPE DE GAL FER DAT! WE TOLD YOUSE
NO FUNNY TRICKS! NOW—MOVE ON
UP T' DE HOUSE!

HE'S TAKEN ME FOR
TOM! I'LL HAVE TO GET
RID OF HIM OR THEY'LL
HARM DORIS!



GET UP NOW, MUG.
I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS
I WANT YOU TO ANSWER!

OW—MY HEAD
WHERE AM I?



TAKE DAT!

ATTA BOY, MIKE
JIST IN TIME!

**NEXT
MORNING**

COME IN HERE, SISTER, YORE
BOY FRIEND'S COME TO!
LISTEN, BUDDY I THOUGHT
WE MADE IT CLEAR WHAT YUH WUZ
SUPPOSED T' DO!

SO YOU'RE
PRETTY FACE!



B-B-BUT-
THIS ISN'T
MY---

OH HO 'DENYIN' IT SO WE
WON'T CROAK 'IM EH? HE'S
NOT SO BAD LOOKIN' 'IMSELF
O' COURSE NUTHIN' LIKE ME
BUT HE'LL DO IN A PINCH, EH?
HA-HA-HA!

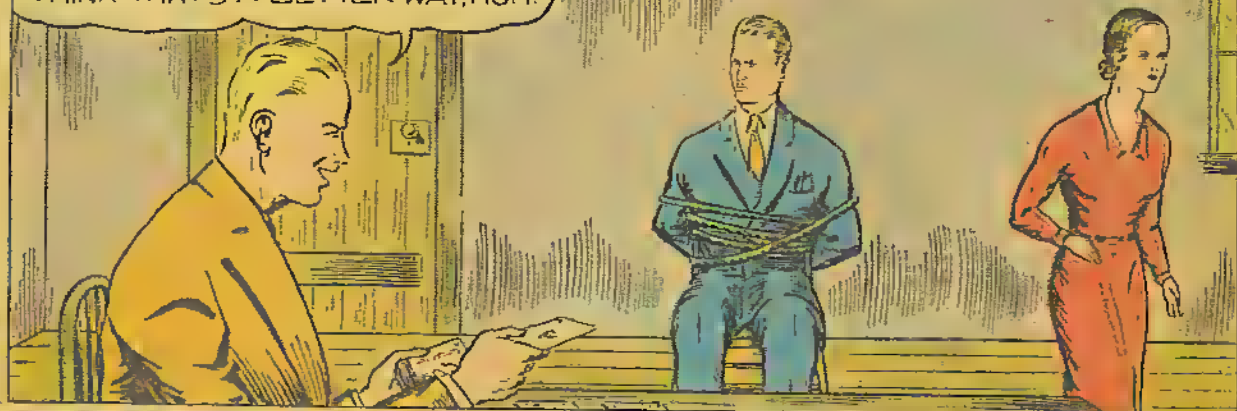
LISTEN MUG-
IF YOU SO MUCH
AS TOUCH HER
I'LL ----



AS SOON AS MIKE AN' JOE
GET BACK FROM TOWN WE'RE
BUMPIN' OFF YOU TWO LOVE
BIRDS AN' SKIPPIN' DIS JOINT!
WE'LL BURN DOWN DE WHOLE
SHACK WID YOU TWO IN - I
THINK THAT'S A BETTER WAY, HUH?

PRETTY FACE, YOU'RE THE BIGGEST
RAT I'VE EVER LAID EYES ON! YOU
GOT THE MONEY - NOW LET US
GO - WE'LL NOT SAY ANYTHING
TO THE POLICE!

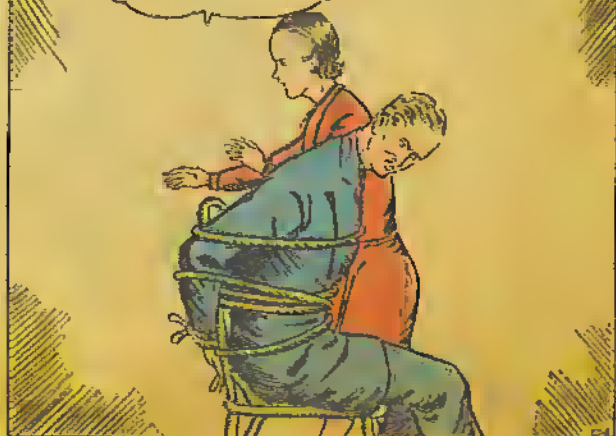
ER - I
THINK I'LL
GO FOR A
GLASS OF
WATER!

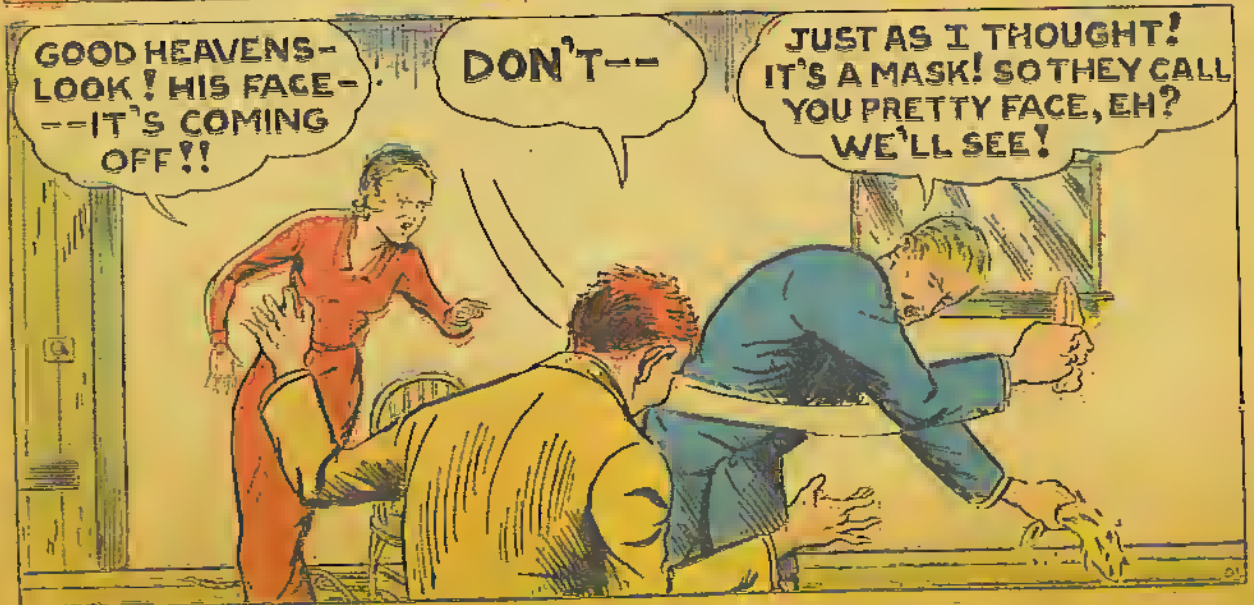
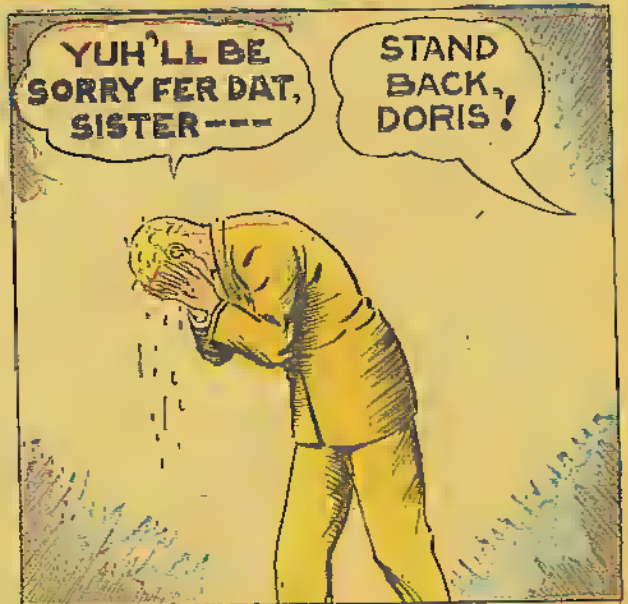
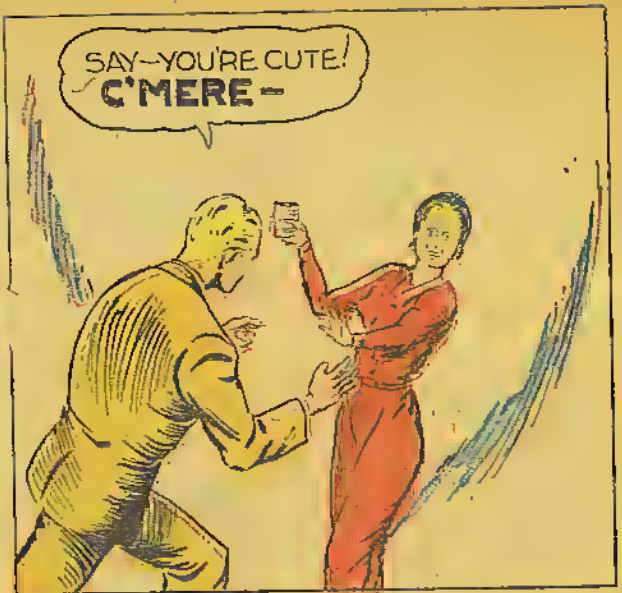


NO YUH DON'T, SISTER / YOUSE TWO
STAY RIGHT HERE WHERE I COULD
KEEP ME EYES ON YOUSE ' I'M TAKIN'
NO MORE CHANCES O' YUH ROAMIN'
AROUND BY YUHSELF / I'M A GENTLE-
MAN SO I'LL GET YUH DAT WATER
MESELF / I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!



QUICK! UNTIE THESE
KNOTS! NOW WHEN HE BRINGS
THAT WATER HERE'S WHAT YOU
DO -- ETC -- ETC I'VE GOT
A HUNCH!



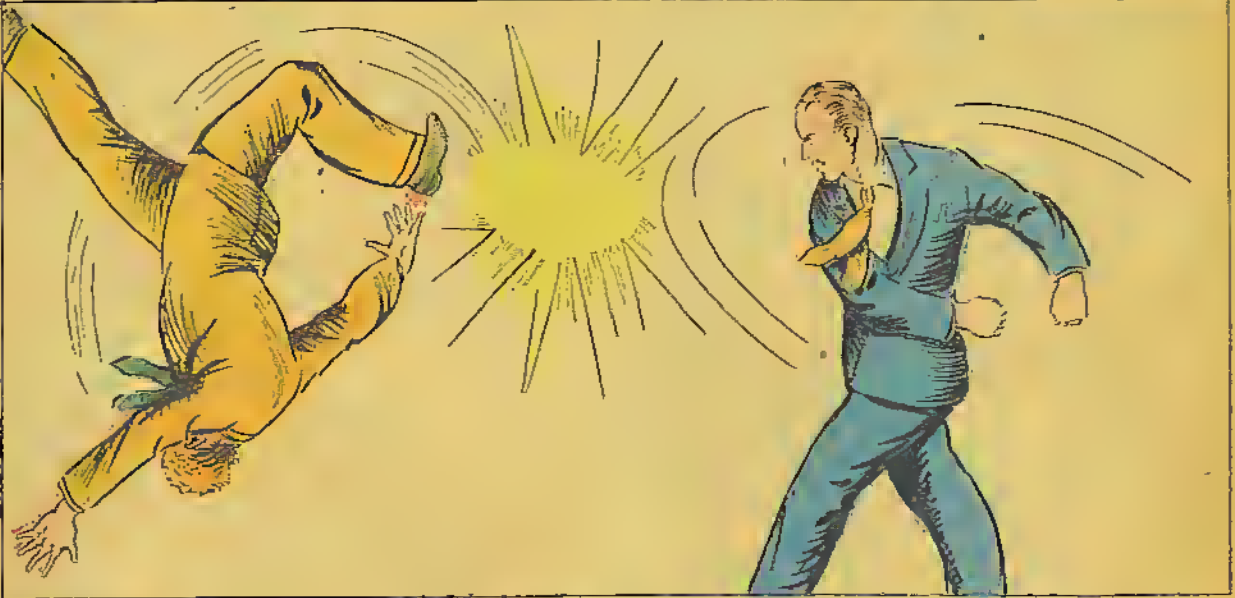


NOW DO YUH SEE WHAT I LOOK LIKE? MY FACE WAS BURNED OFF IN A WAREHOUSE FIRE AN' I BIN WEARING A LIFELIKE MASK O' A GOOD LOOKIN' GUY SO PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE AFRAID O' ME! PRETTY FACE-HA! HA! HA!! BUT NOBUDDY'LL KNOW MY SECRET! I'LL KILL BOTH O' YOUSE-NOW--



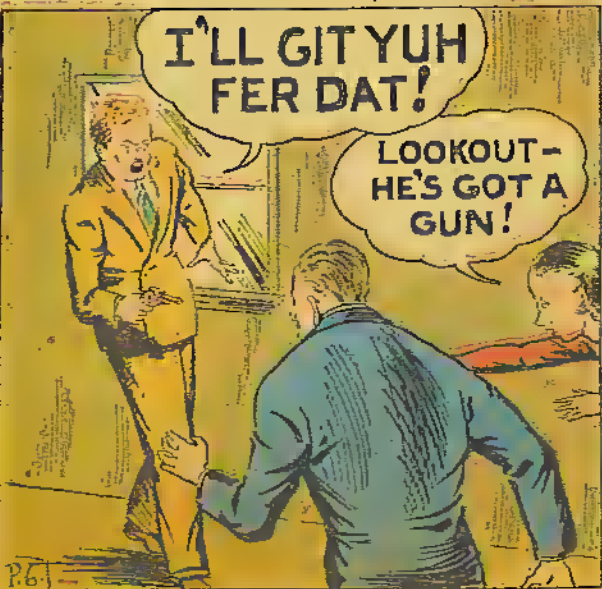
YER BOY FRIEND FIRST!

OH-HOW HORRIBLE!



I'LL GIT YUH FER DAT!

LOOKOUT- HE'S GOT A GUN!



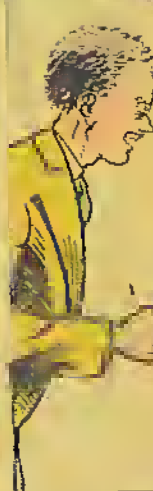
STOP WHERE YOU ARE, PRETTY FACE, I'M THE LAW-YOURE COMING WITH ME!



WHAT - A COPPER!
I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT
O' DAT FROM DE START!
ME FINGER IS ITCHIN',
FLATFOOT!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH IT,
PRETTYFACE!
THE POLICE
KNOW WHERE I
AM! THEY'RE DUE
HERE ANY
MINUTE NOW!

**SAY YER PRAYERS,
COPPER,
HERE GOES -**



DORIS - CHIEF -
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT??

TOM - OH
DARLING!

GOOD BOY, TOM,
JUST IN THE
NICK OF TIME!



AN' WE GOT
THE OTHER
TWO
OUTSIDE,
HUNT!



THE END

“LIGHTNIN”

MATT CRAWFORD
KNEW A RANGE
TRICK THAT WAS
UNBEATABLE

By *H. David &
W.M. Allison*

YUH CAINT HANG ME, CRAWFORD.
I GOT TOO MANY FRIENDS. YORE
LIFE WON'T BE WORTH THE
POWDER TO BLOW IT TO HELL!

YUH HAD A FAIR TRIAL—
AN' I RECKIN YORE BROTHER,
BLACK BART WILL BE
HANGIN' SOON— WHEN
I BRING HIM IN!

GEE, SHERIFF! A
GENT SAID HE'D
BEAT ME IF I
DIDN'T TAKE
THIS TO YOU!
I NEVER SEEN
HIM BEFORE!

Matt Crawford
 If Snake hangs
 yore life wont be
 hung him with
 And if yore still in
 town after four days
 you'll be a corpse
 on the fifth
 Black Bart

THANKS, SON, I'LL TEND
 TO IT. SAY, WILL YUH
 STABLE LIGHTNIN' FOR
 ME? HE ALWAYS GIT'S
 FLIGHTY WHEN IT
 RAINS.

DOES HE
 ALLUS LEAP
 WHEN IT
 THUNDERS?

YES, AN' HE
 ALLUS HEADS
 FOR HOME!



I WON'T WORRY
 ABOUT THAT!

SHERIFF CRAWFORD THROWS
 AWAY THE THREATENING NOTE

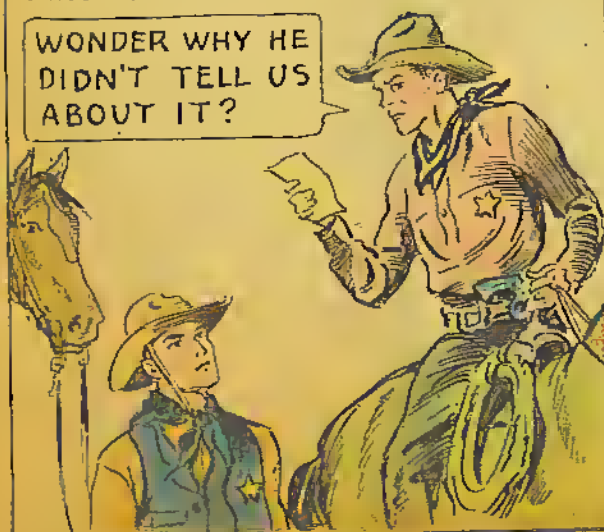


HEY, PETE! TAKE
 A LOOK AT THIS!

WHICH IS PICKED UP BY DEPUTY-
 SHERIFF'S LUKE MASTERS —

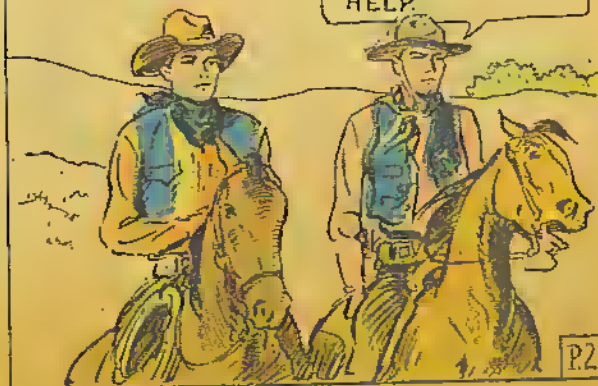
AND PETE SMALL

WONDER WHY HE
 DIDN'T TELL US
 ABOUT IT?



AW, SHUCKS, IT'S JUST
 ANOTHER THREAT —
 HE GIT'S PLENTY
 OF EM!

MEBBESO, MEBBESO —
 BUT I AIM T'KEEP
 A WEATHER EYE
 PEELED FUR HIM.
 HE MIGHT NEED
 HELP.

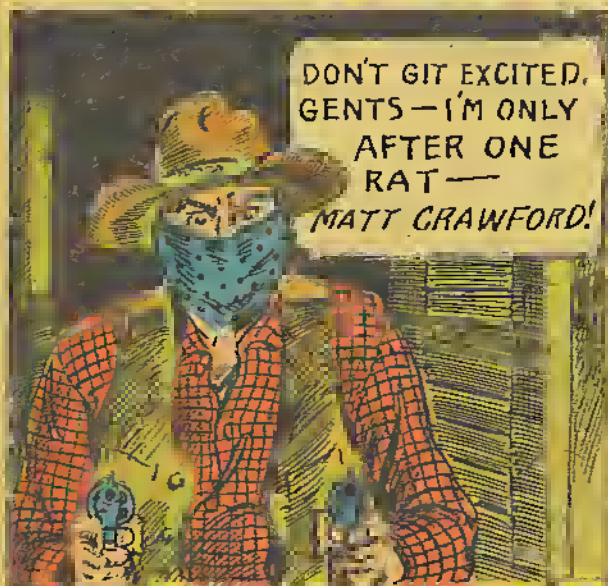


RECKIN' YUH WAS WRONG, LUKE.
IT'S TWO DAYS SINCE WE
HUNG "SNAKE" AN' NUTHIN' AIN'T
HAPPENED, YIT.

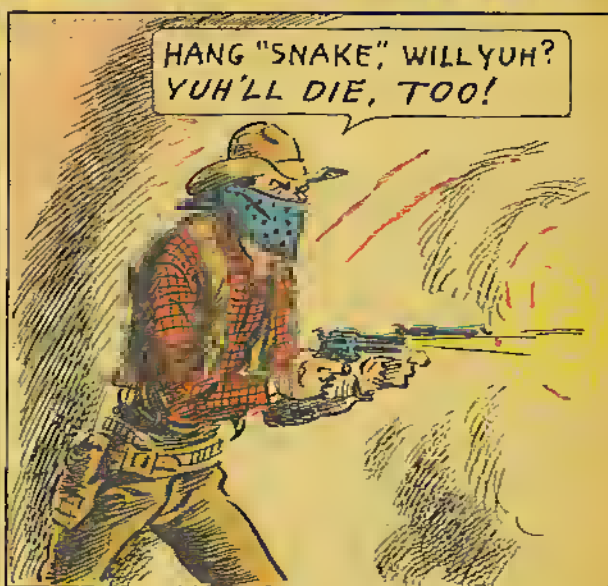
DUNNO, PETE - YUH NOTICE
HE'S PACKIN' TWO GUNS!



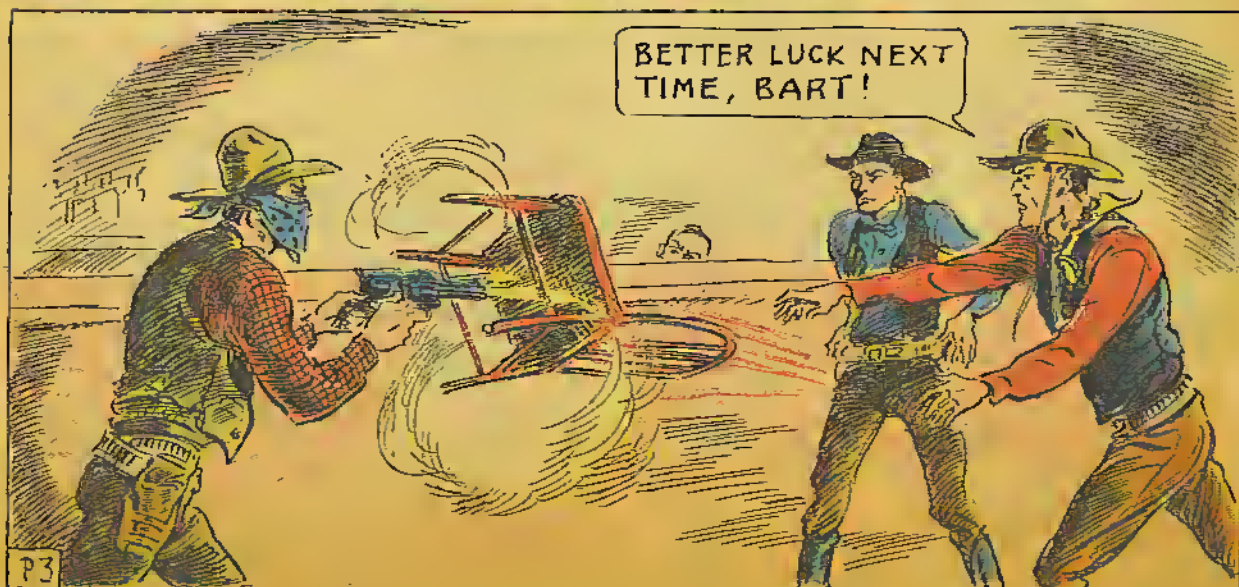
DON'T GIT EXCITED,
GENTS - I'M ONLY
AFTER ONE
RAT -
MATT CRAWFORD!



HANG "SNAKE", WILLYUH?
YUH'LL DIE, TOO!



BETTER LUCK NEXT
TIME, BART!



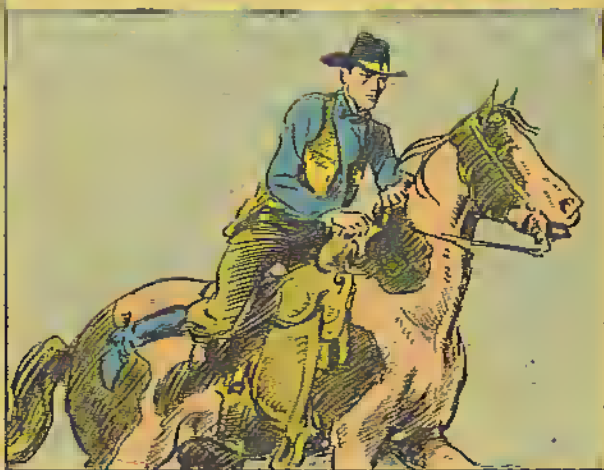
THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, LUKE!
I COULD ALMOST HEAR HARPS
A PLAYIN'!

DRUGS

WE'LL GIT HIM
YET, MATT!



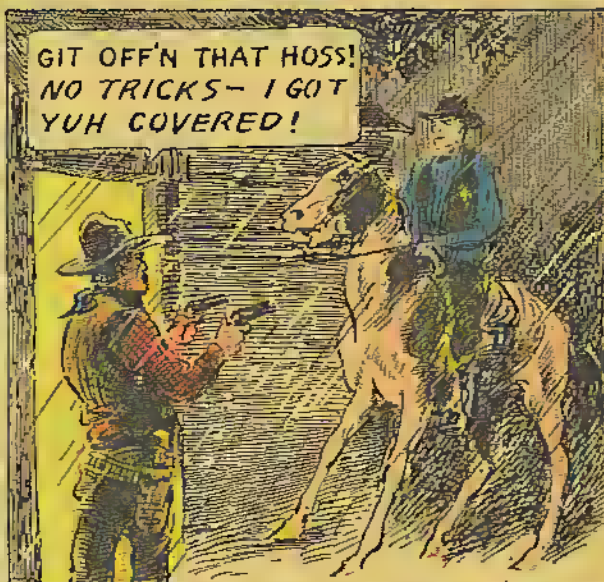
LATE NEXT AFTERNOON, THE SHERIFF
GET'S A CALL TO THE WIDOW
DAWSON'S HOME. SHE NEEDS HIS
ADVICE IN SETTLING SOME PAPERS.



HERE WE ARE, LIGHTNIN', AN'
IT'S A GOOD THING, CUZ ITS
STARTIN' TO RAIN.

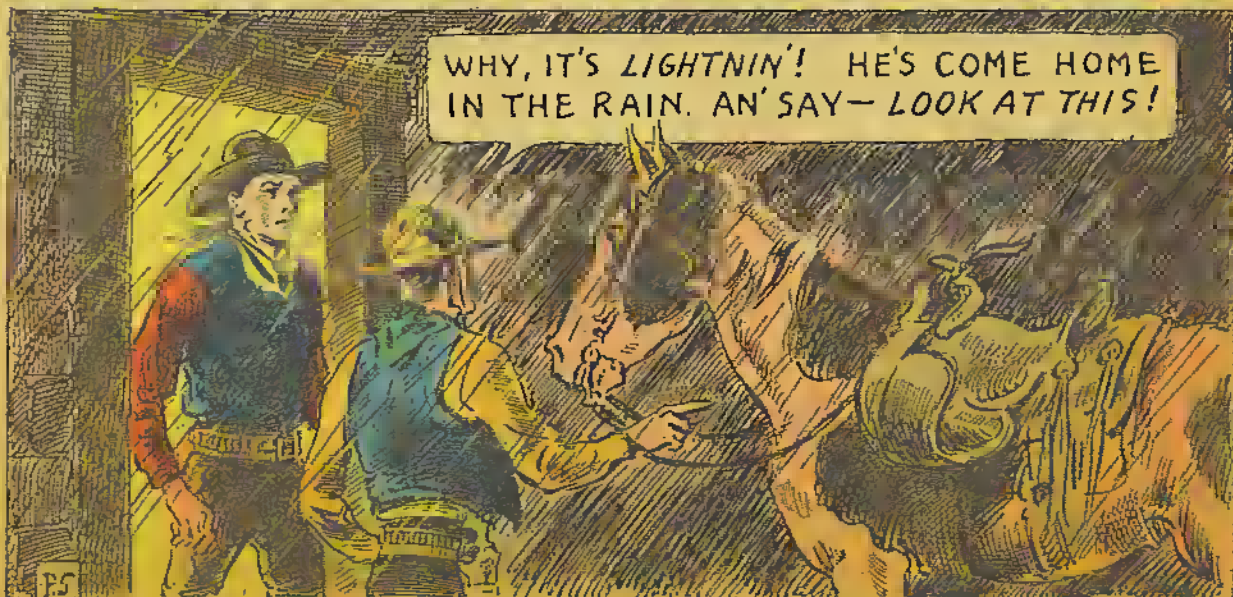
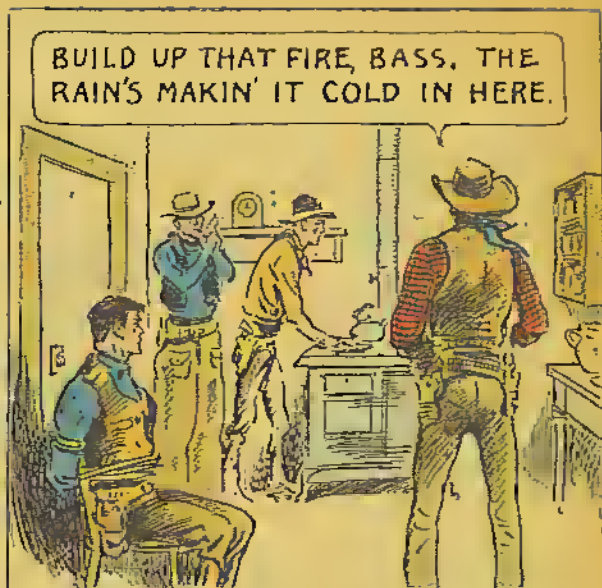


GIT OFF'N THAT HOSS!
NO TRICKS - I GOT
YUH COVERED!



I MIGHTA KNOWN THIS WAS
ONE OF YOUR TRICKS, BART.





I HOPE WE AIN'T TOO LATE!

AT LEAST IT'S STOPPED
RAININ'.



THEY'VE SPOTTED US! I'M NICKED!

QUICK! OVER IN
THOSE ROCKS!



THREE HOURS AN' WE AIN'T GITTIN' NOWHERE!
WONDER IF MATT'S STILL ALIVE!

IF HE WAS WHEN WE GOT HERE, HE
STILL IS. THEY'LL FIGURE NOW THEY
MIGHT NEED HIM TO PARLEY WITH.



IF I ONLY DARED RISK LEAVIN'
YUH, AN' GOIN' TO TOWN FOR HELP!

IF WE COULD ONLY
DRIVE 'EM OUT —
SAY — SEE THAT
CHIMNEY? I'VE GOT
AN IDEA

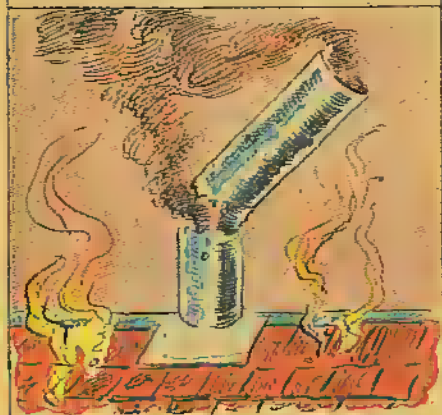


I DON'T GIT YUH, LUKE!

A FIRE WOULD
DRIVE 'EM OUT
WOULDN'T IT?



A FEW WELL PLACED SHOTS, AND THE ROOF, DRIED BY THE HOT SUN CATCHES FIRE FROM, THE SPARK



I GUESS THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!

YEAH, BUT KEEP DOWN! WE'LL SNEAK UP!



PETE, GO GIT MATT, IF HE'S STILL ALIVE!

KEEP 'EM UP GENTS-THIS IS YORE FINISH!



I'M ALL RIGHT-GIT THE WIDDER IN THE BACK ROOM!



YUH GOT ME LUKE - BUT HOW DID YUH KNOW TO COME OUT HERE?

WHEN A MAN MAY HEV TO RIDE IN A HURRY HE DON'T TIE UP HIS STIRRUP IN HIS REINS!

AN' THAT'S WHAT I DID WHEN YUH HAD THE DROP ON ME LAST NIGHT. COME ON, BAD MAN!



DATE WITH DEATH

BY LARRIE MAY



RICHARD ARCHIBALD WARD, (known to his friends as "Dick") sat in the office of Police Chief O'Connor. The Chief had called for Ward because there was something big in the wind. Every one on the force knew young Dick.

For three years he had been top man on the squad, ever since his pal and teacher Old Bill Hendricks had been taken for a one way ride by the East Sides toughest mob. Joe Scarelli had been the big shot of that outfit. But now Scarelli, too, had gone for a ride. He had been tried and found guilty of first degree murder as a result of the Hendricks case. Yes, Scarelli was gone, and so were most of that old gang, but there still were a few who remained. Small fry they had been, but now they had become a major problem for the Police Department. All this passed through Dick Ward's mind as he sat across the desk from the Chief, and heard him talk of the new job that lay before them.

"Ward", said O'Connor, "you have been a Detective for nearly five years now. You have gone through some pretty bad experiences, and some pretty good ones, too, but today I'm asking you to take the toughest case that we've had in a heck of a while. You remember that Scarelli mob that we cleaned up about three years ago, and you probably remember some of

the boys who were with him at the time. They were small boys then, but they've grown up. Small fry to big shots in three years. They've learned the tricks of their rotten game, and they're playing for keeps."

"I understand so far, Chief, but what's the dope? I suppose you're talking about Bob Crawley, and Jack Nanetti. Is that right?"

"It sure is right, Dick, and here's the dope."

ABOUT three months ago we started getting complaints from some of the manufacturers down town. They were crying all over us, because a lot of their employees were getting hopped up over the week ends, and after a little while they seemed to be groggy all the time. Their work fell off, and naturally they got sore, and fired a mob of the offenders. They would have done it sooner they said, only they thought it was a temporary thing. But that's not the point. Here's the big item. A few days after they had laid off these poor saps, a couple of strong arm men came to their places, and told them that they'd better hire them back or else."

"I think I get it Chief. You mean these guys were sore because their customers were out of dough, and with no place to get it from, so they thought that they'd put the bee on the manufacturers."

When a Detective Is Taken For His Last Ride He Must Think Or Die.

"That's exactly right, Ward. Until now it hasn't been anything but a routine job, but last night Walter Gilmore, he's the owner of one of the factories, got a note from these fellows saying that unless he plays their game he isn't going to be living much longer. Our preliminary investigations make us think that Crawley and Nanetti are behind this thing. You're to bring those men in. Any questions?"

"Just one, Chief", answered Dick Ward, "when do I start?"

"You've already started, Dick, and good luck." He smiled proudly as Dick left the room. What a great kid, he mumbled.

WITHIN a few days Dick Ward realized what he was up against. The Chief had sure been right about this being a tough job, but he hadn't come anywhere near the truth when he had only said tough. It was without a doubt the most dangerous assignment that he had ever had. A Rendezvous with Death seemed waiting for him at every move he made.

This Crawley and Nanetti crowd certainly meant business. The first day that Ward was on the job he got a note telling him to lay off. The note didn't frighten Dick, but the fact that Crawley and Nanetti knew that he was after them did. He'd have to be extra careful now or take the consequences. But the gang was getting away with too much and Dick was going to do his best to stop it. Smuggling narcotics, selling them, threatening murder, that was going too far.

"Taxi, Mr?"

"No thanks—Yes, I guess I will. 89th and 1st. No hurry."

Dick Ward made himself as comfortable as possible. He had a nice long ride in front of him, and he knew it wasn't going to end up at 89th and 1st. He had changed his mind about taking the taxi because he had noticed just before he got in that in the car directly behind it was one of the Crawley-Nanetti trigger men. The trigger man had been hiding behind a newspaper, but it was poor bluff at reading. Just as Dick thought the car started to follow them almost immediately. Good. By now the cab was going quite fast and Dick thought it was time to call the driver's game.

"Excuse me, driver, but aren't you going in the wrong direction?" questioned Dick.

"You're right, buddy. We're going for a nice ride to the country." The driver continued, "you don't mind do you? And just in case you should, take a look behind us."

"What is this? A kidnap?" pretended Dick.

"Listen wise guy, we're on to you. You're going to see the boss, and after that I guess you're not going to see anything."

"Who is the boss?" asked Dick.

"Bob Crawley. I guess it won't hurt to tell."

This gave Dick an idea. "I thought that Jack Nanetti was the big shot."

"Naw, he's all washed up, but he don't know it see. Hey, what am I talking to you for? Shut up will you."

Dick had heard all he wanted to.



"EXCUSE ME, DRIVER, BUT AREN'T YOU GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION?"



"YOU'RE BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT"

THINGS went off just about the way Dick had figured them. He was taken to see Crawley and Nanetti. After an insulting session with them he was told to get ready for his last ride.

"What about you doing the job, Jack?" said Crawley.

"Well I ain't done this kind of a job in a long time, Bob, but it'll be a pleasure to put this snooper out of the way." Little did Nanetti realize what was in store for him as he said those words.

"Joe", said Crawley, "You and Dave go with Jack. We don't want to have no slip ups, see."

Things were working perfectly, thought Dick. Dave and Joe were in the front seat of the sedan. They were driving plenty fast on a lonely country road.

"Listen, Nanetti", whispered Dick, "you're being taken for a ride, too, in case you don't know it." The roar of the motor kept the men in the front seat from hearing.

"What do you mean, copper? Speak fast or I'll plug you right here."

"Just this, Nanetti," answered Dick, "I got the low down coming out to your place. That dumb cabbie spilled the beans. Crawley's putting the cross on you. He wants you out of the way so he can have the gravy all to himself."

"That dirty rat", snarled Nanetti, "and I thought he was a square guy." He thought quickly, leaned forward, and said:

"Hey, Joe. Stop the car a minute will you. I got some business to attend to."

JOE laughed as he applied the brakes. The car came to a stop. "Now listen you guys," an-

nounced Nanetti, "I got the goods on you and Crawley. Both of you get out of the car. I got you covered, and a funny thing; it's going to be your last ride and not mine."

"What do you mean, Jack," they whimpered. "We always played you right," Hot spray from an automatic pistol answered their pleading. As they slumped to the ground Nanetti turned to Dick Ward who had sat watching from the car. "I guess I fixed those rats," said Nanetti, "and you next copper. Get out of that car."

Ward started out of the car door, and then hesitated a moment as though his coat were caught. Then, he stumbled toward the waiting gangster. Sharply he said, "Drop that toy of yours Nanetti. I've got a brand new one of my own, and incidentally I'll remind you I'm one of the best shots on the squad."

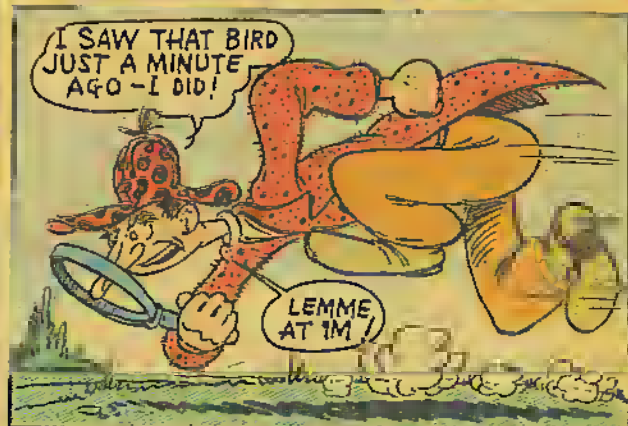
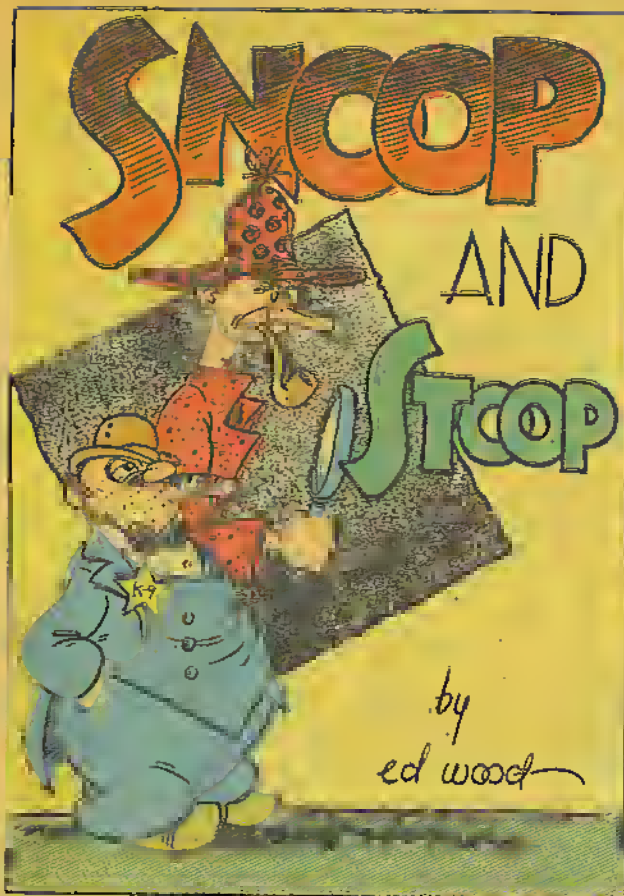
As Nanetti's hands went into the air, his automatic hit the ground with a thud. "Where'd you get that rod?", he snarled.

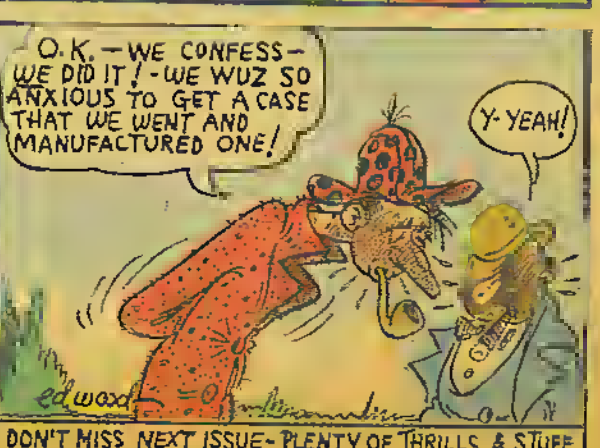
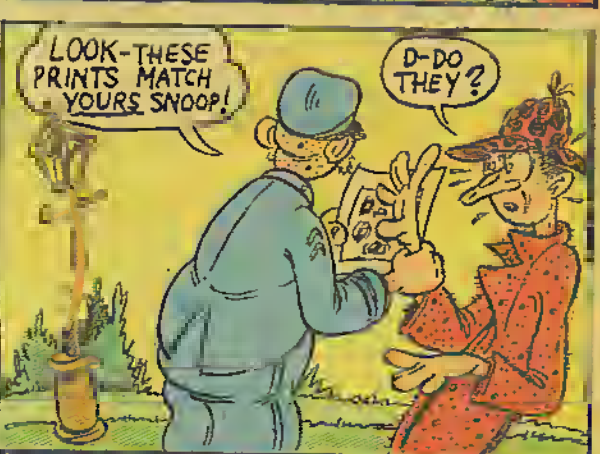
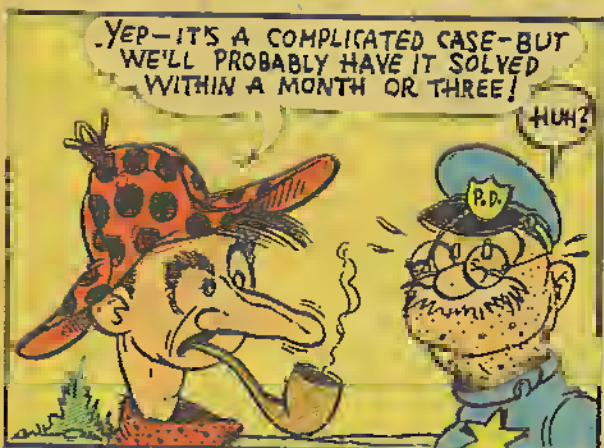
Dick Ward suddenly reached for the ground. He got Nanetti's gun just in time.

"So that was your game, you lousy copper. I'll get you if it's the last thing I do," screamed Nanetti. He was purple with rage.

Dick Ward smiled calmly as he waved Nanetti to the car. In his right hand was Nanetti's pistol, in his left a door handle from the car. It did look like a dangerous weapon when all you could see of it was the bright reflection of polished metal in the dark. "I guess I'll keep this new toy of mine for a long long time," murmured Dick, "it makes a good souvenir."

THE END





DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE—PLENTY OF THRILLS & STUFF.

Crime DOESN'T PAY



WHILE JESSE WAS THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF THE JAMES BOYS, FRANK WAS REALLY THE BRAINS OF THE INFAMOUS GANG. TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST HIS PALS, HE RECEIVED ONLY A PRISON TERM. ONCE FREE, HE DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS A MARKED MAN AMONG HONEST CITIZENS. UNABLE TO GET WORK, HE RESORTED TO POOLROOMS, CRAP GAMES, AND CARDS FOR HIS MEAGRE LIVELIHOOD. HIS WRETCHED EXISTENCE AND DEPLORABLE END PROVES ONCE AGAIN THAT—

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!



Gold of Destiny

featuring **ROCKY BAIRD**

A COMPLETE STORY ~

by-

PAUL J. LAURETTA

SAY, PARDNER, IF YA TAKE ME TO A SOUTH SEA ISLAND IN YOUR SLOOP HERE, I'LL SPLIT A PIRATE TREASURE THAT'S HIDDEN THERE WITH YOU!!

HUM! HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE'S TREASURE ON THIS ISLAND?



A DYING SAILOR TOLD ME ABOUT IT. IT'S SOME-PLACE IN AN OLD PIRATE FORTRESS ON THE ISLAND. I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE TO LOOK FOR IT, BUT HAD NO LUCK. NOW I'M BROKE AND WOULD LIKE TO SEARCH FOR IT AGAIN IF YOU TAKE ME... WE MAY COME BACK RICH!!!

OK. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

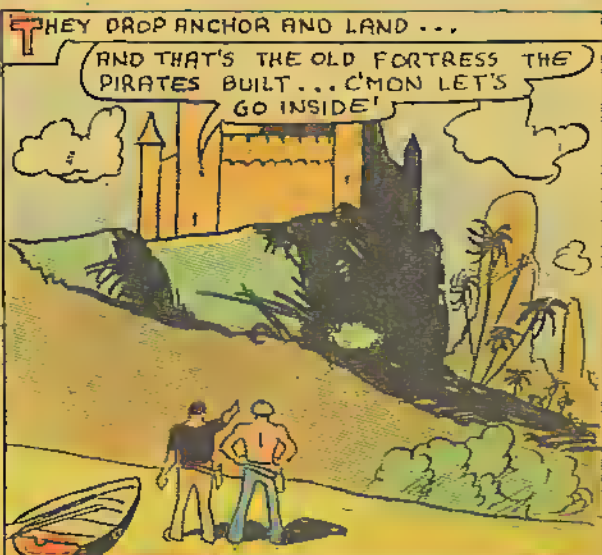
JUST CALL ME BRUTE... BRUTE BRANSOM!



AND THAT VERY NIGHT THE SLOOP SILENTLY SLIPS OUT OF THE HARBOR CARRYING ROCKY BAIRD AND BRUTE BRANSOM IN SEARCH OF FABULOUS PIRATE TREASURE.



THAT'S THE PLACE, PARDNER, THAT'S THE ISLAND!



THEY DROP ANCHOR AND LAND...

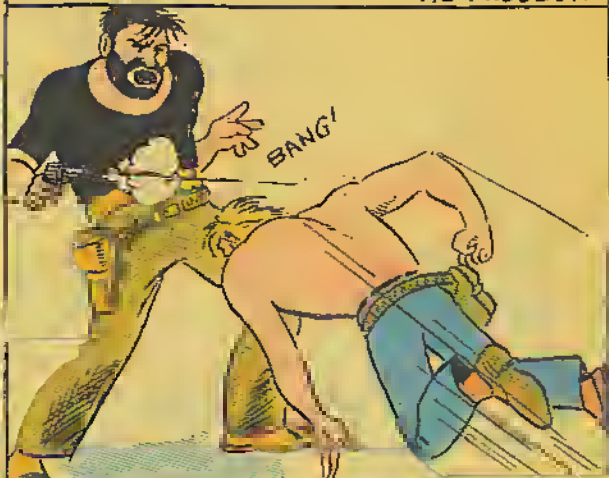
AND THAT'S THE OLD FORTRESS THE PIRATES BUILT... C'MON LET'S GO INSIDE!

TWO DAYS AT SEA AND THEY SIGHT A STRANGE AND ROCK-BOUND COAST.

A S THEY ENTER THE FORTRESS A MOST UN-EXPECTED THING HAPPENS...



D AZED, BUT NOT HURT, ROCKY, INSTANTLY, SENSES BRUTE'S INTENTIONS... HE LEAPS AT HIM... BRUTE FIRES... HE MISSES!!



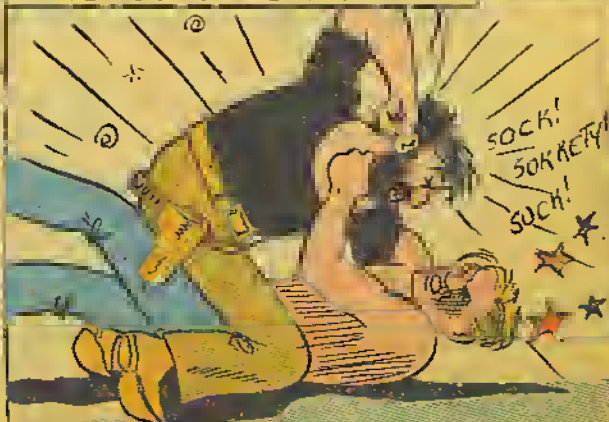
A ND BOTH MEN TOPPLE TO THE FLOOR... BRUTE CURSES... THE FIGHT IS ON!!



B ITING, KICKING, GOUGING... ANYTHING GOES!!!

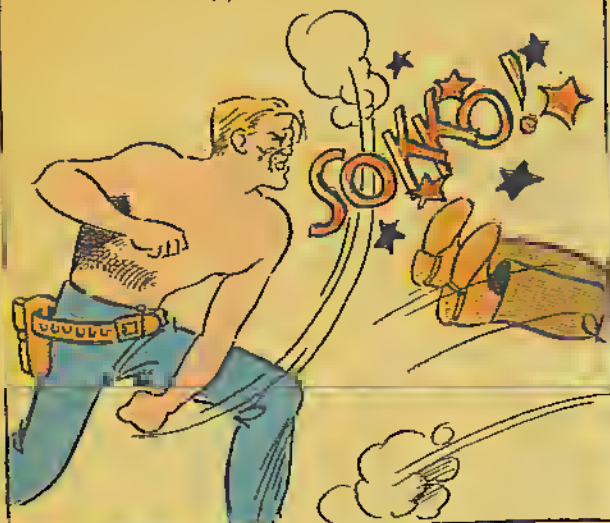


O VER AND OVER THEY ROLL ACROSS THE HARD FLOOR, FIGHTING FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH... ROCKY, DESPERATELY TRYING TO REGAIN HIS FEET...



B UT STILL GROGGY FROM THE BLOW ON THE HEAD, ROCKY IS GETTING THE TAR BEATEN OUT OF HIM!!

... AT LAST HE'S UP...



BRUTE GOES DOWN, HE'S UP!! A SMASHING RIGHT AND HE'S DOWN AGAIN!!!



BEATEN, BATTERED AND TORN BRUTE BRANSON BREAKS AWAY...



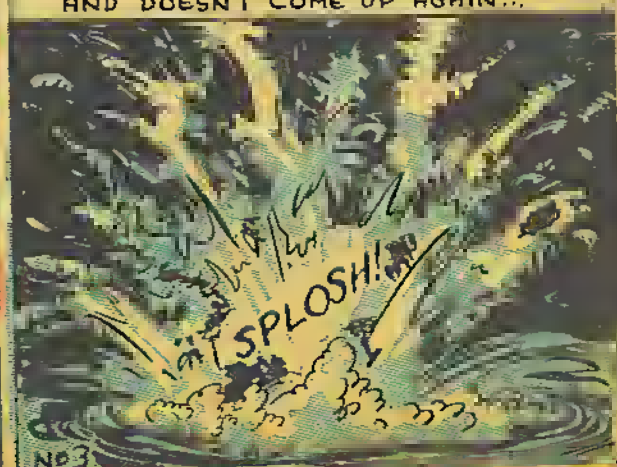
... AND THROWS HIS WEIGHT ON THE WALL



INSTANTLY, THE FLOOR GIVES WAY FROM UNDER ROCKY'S FEET AND HE PLUNGES INTO INKY BLACK DEPTHS!!



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HE HURTLES... THEN A THUNDEROUS SPLASH... ROCKY DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE SURFACE AND DOESN'T COME UP AGAIN!!!



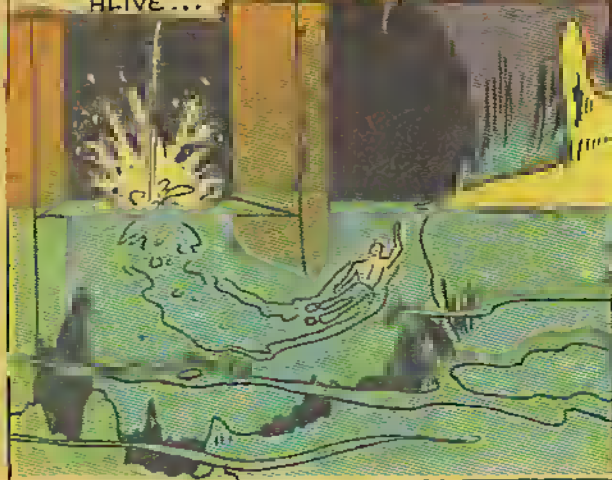
OH-HO, YA FOOL, DROWN-DROWN!!!
SO YA THOUGHT I WAS GOIN' TO SPLIT
THAT TREASURE WITH YA-HO! HO! I
ONLY SAID THAT SO YA'D TAKE
ME HERE



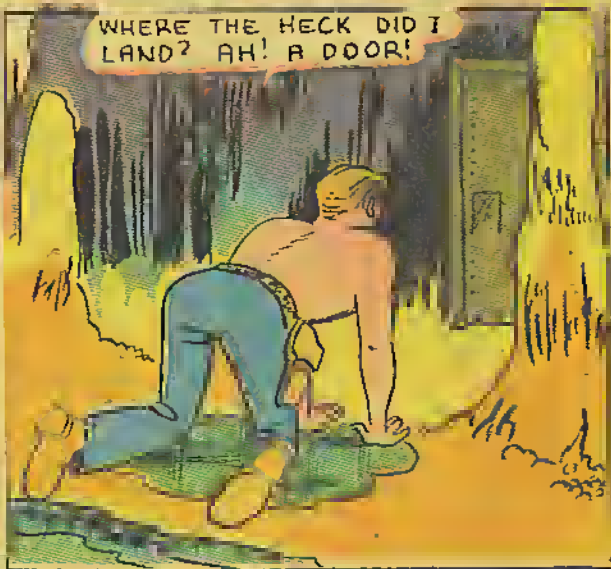
...AND NOW TO FIND THAT TREASURE
AND SPEND IT ALL MYSELF!!



AH, BUT MR BRANSON IS ENJOYING THE
BLISS OF IGNORANCE. LITTLE DOES
HE DREAM THAT ROCKY IS STILL
ALIVE...



WHERE THE HECK DID I
LAND? AH! A DOOR!

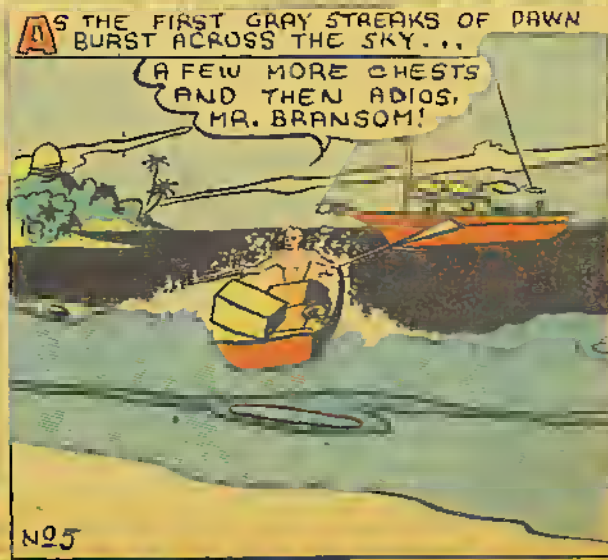
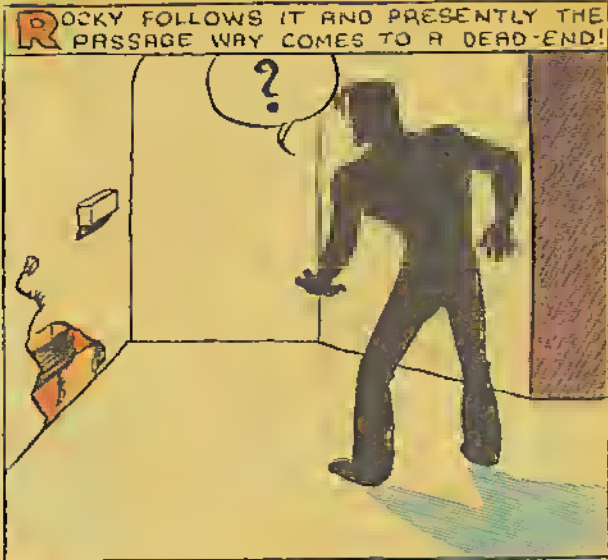


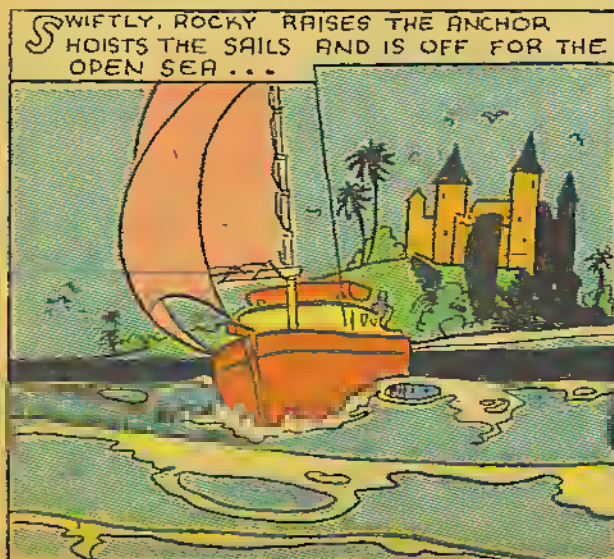
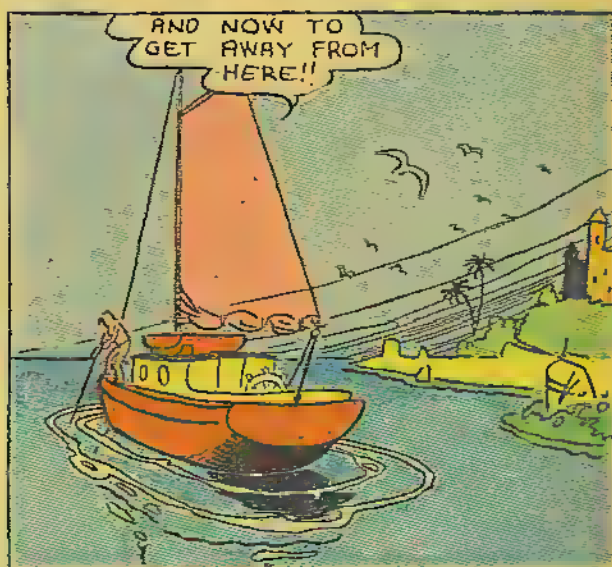
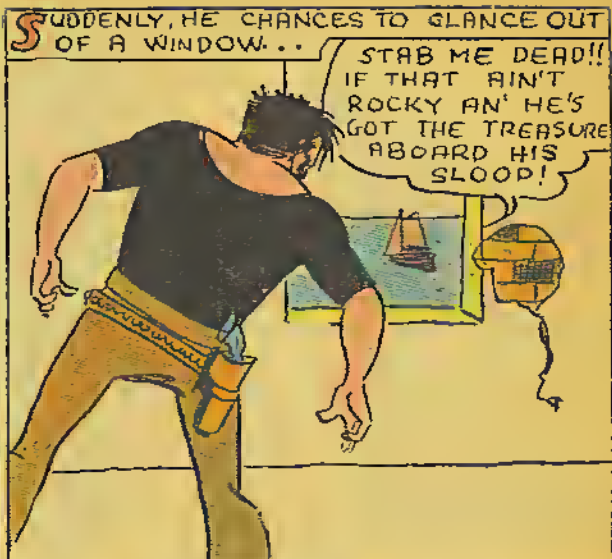
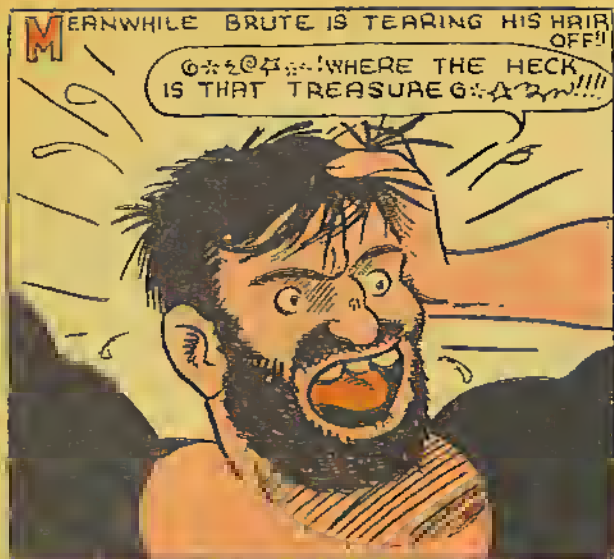
ROCKY PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN
THEN HE FALLS BACK-AMAZED!
MY GOSH! BEWILDERED!!
THE TREASURE!!

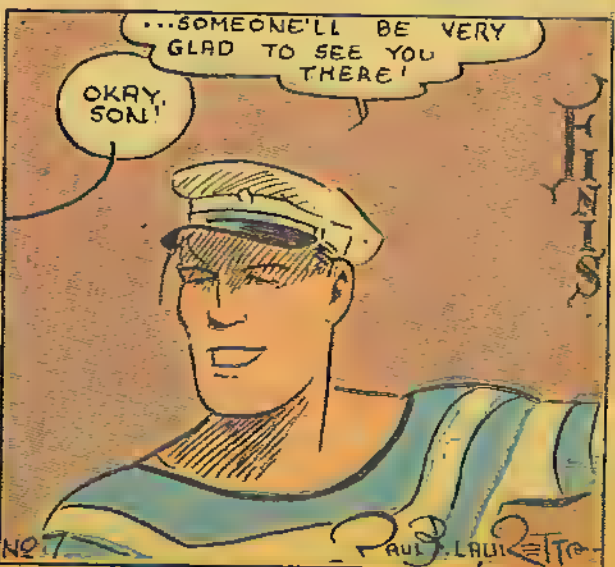
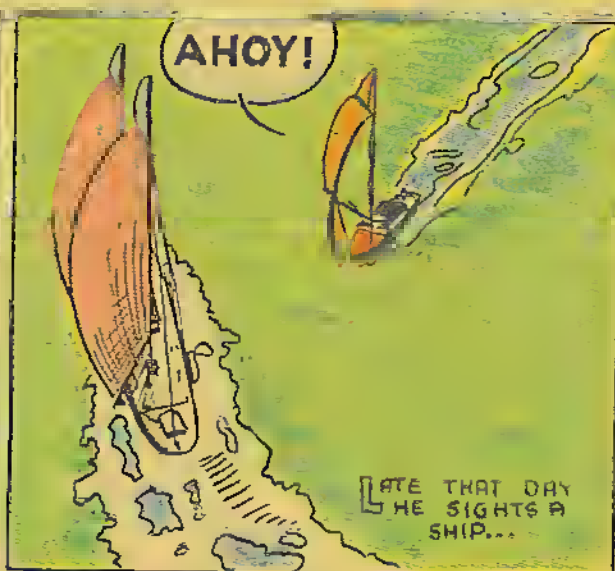
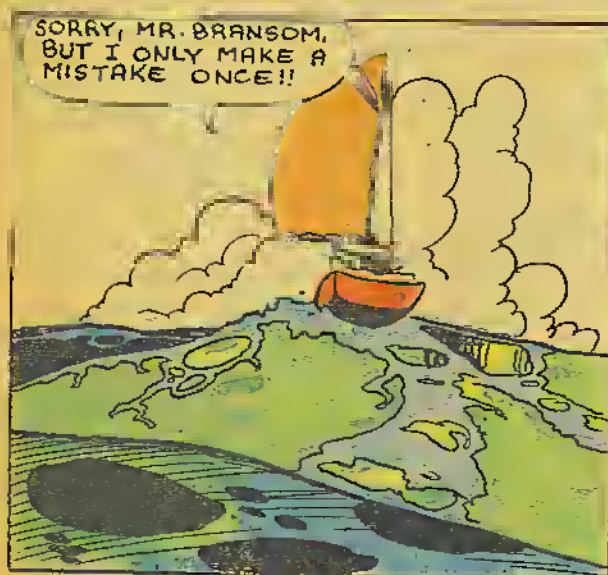
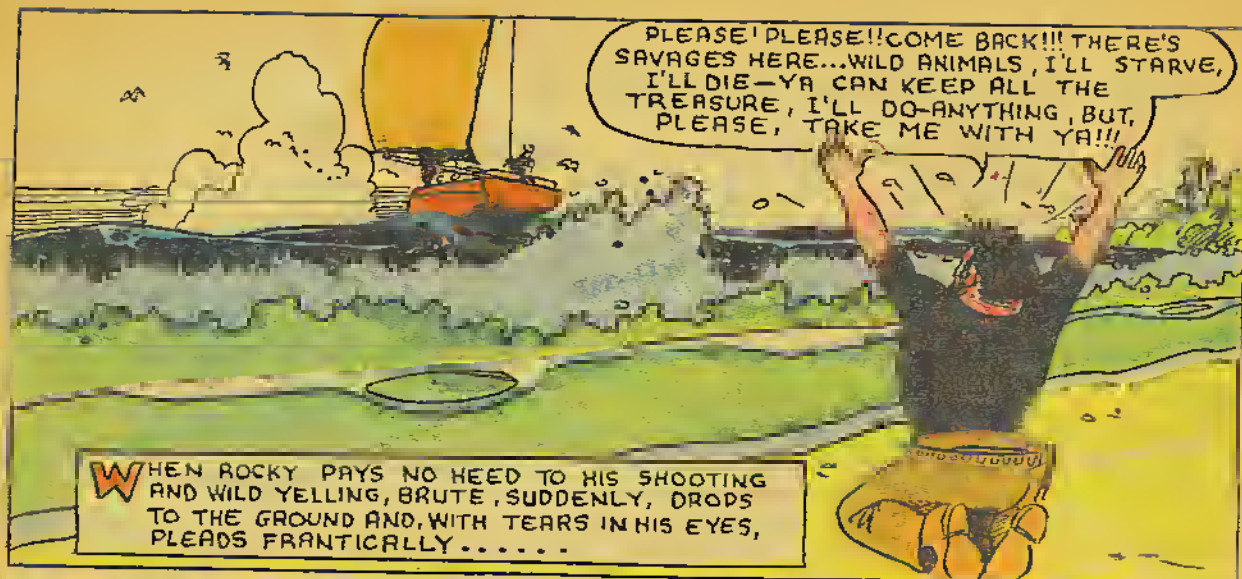


MAN ALIVE! IF I CAN ONLY GET OUT
OF HERE AND TAKE THIS TREASURE
WITH ME BEFORE BRANSON FINDS
THIS OUT-HELLO ANOTHER DOOR!!









THE MURDER OF MISER FLINT

BY
JOSEPH E. BURESCH

IN WHICH A COUNTRY DOCTOR DOES A
BIT OF DETECTING AND USES COMMON
SENSE WHEN A MISDEED IS COMMITTED
IN THE SMALL TOWN OF MILTONSPORT

SO YE LIKE
OUR TOWN,
EH, MISTER?

YEH.
IT'S A
QUIET,
FRIENDLY
PLACE



GUESS I'LL
STAY ON A
FEW DAYS..

GLAD TO HAVE
YOU, TOO!
OH 'LO JIM



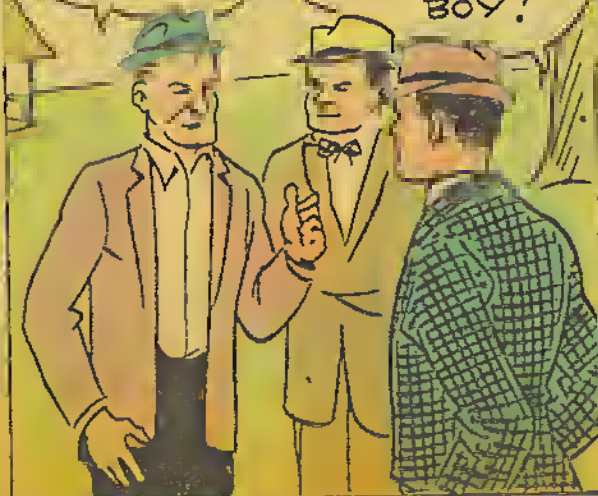
HOW'S THINGS
JIM?

ALRIGHT I
S'DPOSE. SAY
I GOT SOMPIN'
ON ALL TH'
FOLKS!



I JUST SAW
OLD FLINT
OUTSIDE HIS
HOUSE!

YOU GOT US
THERE, ALRIGHT.
NOBODY EVER
REALLY SEES
THE OLD
BOY!



WHO'S
FLINT?

WE CALLS HIM
"MISER" FLINT.
MEAN OLD GUY,
AN HE'S GOT
DOUGH TO
BURN!



HE LIVES A MILE
UP THE ROAD.
NEXT TO CY BARR
AND HIS FAMILY



QUEER DUCK EH?
WELL, I GOTTA
RUN ALONG AND
FIND A PLACE TO
BUNK.



MISS BROWN WILL
TAKE YOU IN FOR
A FEW DAYS. SHE
HAS NICE ROOMS



BOY IF THAT AIN'T LUCK, I
MAKE A GETAWAY FROM COPS..
COME TO THIS HICK TOWN 'TILL
THINGS BLOW OVER, AND I
STUMBLES INTO A CHANCE TO
GET RICH QUICK!



AND THE SOONER I
WORK IT, THE
BETTER



MY FEET HURT
DOC. I THINK
WE'RE GONNA
HAVE SOME
RAIN.



OH, OH
I KNEW
WE COULDN'T
PLAY LONG!
THERE'S THE
PHONE

MRS. OBRIEN'S
TOMMY GOT A
FEVER GOTTA
GET OVER THERE
AN' LOOK HIM
OVER, MAC.

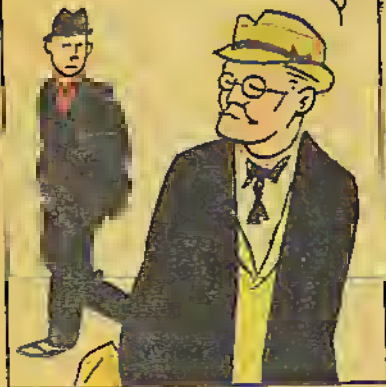
WELL, GUESS
I'LL GO
UP TO
TH' OFFICE.
C'MON, I'LL
WALK YOU
UP TH' ROAD



IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN,
DOC. SMITH AND SHERIFF
MACKENNA PASS TIME AWAY

WELL, I'LL SEE YOU
TONIGHT DOC, FOR
A COUPLE GAMES OF
CHECKERS

ALRIGHT
MAC



AND AS NIGHT CAME, A STORM CAME
ON -- TELEPHONE LINES WENT DOWN --
WIND AND RAIN CAME FAST.
IN A ROOM OF MISS BROWN'S HOUSE,
THE STRANGER STOOD BY THE WINDOW.

WELL, -- WHY NOT -- THERE'S
NO BETTER NIGHT FOR
A MURDER THAN THIS



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE
IF I DO GET SOAKED.
THERE'S PLENTY OF DOUGH
WAITIN' FOR ME!



NOBODY EVER SEE'S THE OLD
CUSS, HE COULD JUST AS WELL
BE DEAD, NOBODY WOULD
KNOW IT.



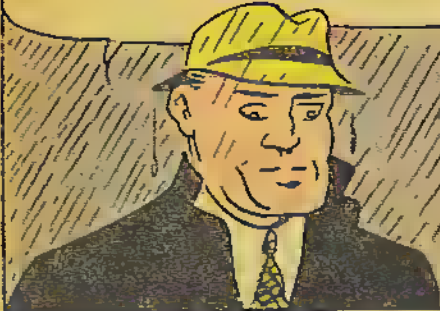
THERE HE IS SITTING BY
THE FIRE WELL, HERE
GOES



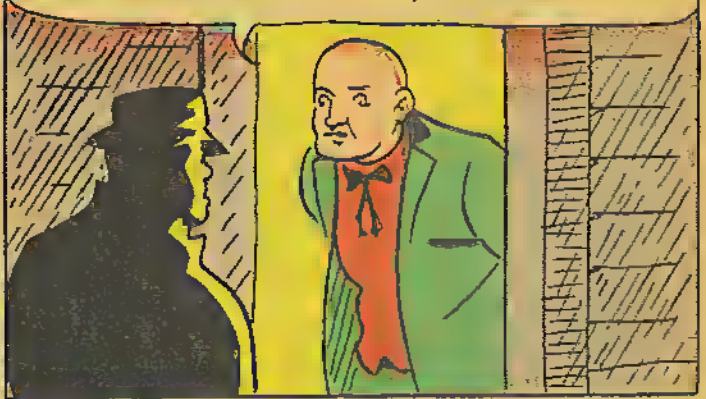
WHO'S
THERE?



A TRAVELER SIR, I'D LIKE TO GET WARM AND A PLACE FOR THE NIGHT. I'LL PAY YOU WELL!



THIS AIN'T A HOTEL, BUT COME IN.



I CAN'T SEE WHY YER OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!



THE MAN LOSES NO TIME-HE SLIPS HIS FINGERS TO THE MISER'S NECK



SOMEHOW, THE MISER TURNED QUICKLY AND WAS FREE OF THE INTRUDER. OLD FLINT QUICKLY FOUND A RIFLE -TURNED AT THE MAN AND FIRED WILDLY



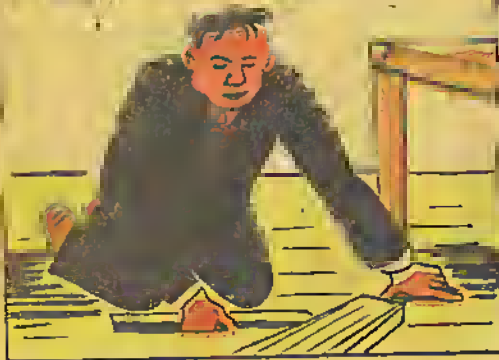
YOU BLASTED RAT --YOU GOT ME IN TH' HAND! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!



THE MAN'S FINGERS TIGHTENED AROUND THE MISER'S THROAT --LIFE LEFT HIM



THE FLOORBOARD HERE--
IT LOOKS --YEP TH' DOUGH'S
HERE IN A BOX!



I'M RICH !!
LOOK AT
THE DOUGH!!
I'M RICH!!



BUT THIS HAND--
I GOTTA GIT TO
THAT DOCTOR DOWN
THE ROAD. IT'S
BURNIN' AWFUL!



NO SOONER HAD THE MAN LEFT MISER
FLINT'S HOUSE, WHEN CY BARR--
FLINT'S ONLY CLOSE NEIGHBOR, CAME
TO INVESTIGATE THE SHOT.



GLORY BE!
I-- I TOLD
MARTHY I
HEARD A
SHOT

SHERIFF! OLD FLINT'S DEAD!
HE'S BEEN MURDERED !!



A MURDER! HERE
IN MILTONSPORT?
WELL-- I'LL BE
CUSSED!

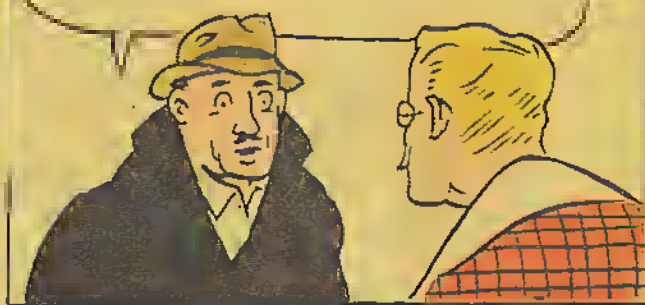


DOC! GUESS WHAT HAPPENED!
FLINT'S BEEN KILLED!
I WAS JUST UP TO HIS PLACE



WHAT?

YEP! SOMEBODY CHOKED HIM
THEN ROBBED HIM--FLINT SHOT
WHOEVER IT WAS THOUGH!
'CAUSE THERE'S BLOOD ALL
OVER THE DERN PLACE



WELL, GOTTA GIT BACK
TO TH' OFFICE AN' WAIT
FOR TH' COUNTY POLICE
-SID WENT AFTER 'EM.
TH' TELEPHONE LINES
ARE DOWN YE' KNOW



FLINT MURDERED!
CAN YOU TIE THAT?
SOMEONE'S AT
THE DOOR--
COME IN!



SAY DOC, I HAD AN ACCIDENT
-MY HAND'S CUT UP--WILL
YOU FIX IT?

CERTAINLY
SIT DOWN BY
THE FIRE, LET'S
HAVE A LOOK.
SAY--YOU
SURE ARE
SOAKED.



YEH--HADDA WALK FROM THE
HIGHWAY--TREE FELL ACROSS
THE ROAD. COULDN'T STOP THE
CAR FAST ENOUGH AND
THE WINDSHIELD BROKE--
IT WASNT SAFETY GLASS
--CUT ME HERE.



PRETTY
BAD! I NEED
SOME TOXICS
AN' I DON'T
HAVE 'EM
ON HAND

YOU MIGHT LOSE THAT
HAND IN TIME, SO WE'LL
PLAY SAFE-- TAKE THIS
NOTE TO LEM'S STORE.
LEM WILL GIVE YOU
WHAT I NEED



COME BACK AND WE'LL FIX IT UP--



OKAY DOC--
LEM'S STORE HUH?
HERE DOC, FIX
ME UP GOOD,
AND YOU'LL
GIT MORE

THE DOC SENT ME.
GIT THIS STUFF QUICK
WILL YA --



SURE
MISTER!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, LEM APPEARS
WITH SHERIFF MACKENNA--

ALRIGHT, MISTER
COME WITH ME.
I GOT A DRY
CELL FOR
YOU



SAY! WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT?
WHAT'S UP?
GET ME THE
STUFF THE
DOC WANT'S!

THIS IS
JUST WHAT
THE DOC
PRESCRIBED
-- MISTER!



DOC, MEBBE YOU
OUGHTA HAVE MY
JOB TOO. YOU SURE
TOOK A CHANCE
WITH THAT
"PRESCRIPTION"

NO MAC.
I KNEW
HE COULDN'T
READ LATIN.
BESIDES, HE
WAS WORRIED
OVER HIS
HAND.

LATER



HIS
HAND
ISN'T
SO
BAD
THEN?

NO, -AN' IT WAS FROM
A BULLET - NOT GLASS.
WELL I GOTTA GET
ALONG OVER TO JEFF.
HE'S GOT
THE GOUT
AGAIN



THE END

A COMPLETE STORY

DANGEROUS DOCUMENTS

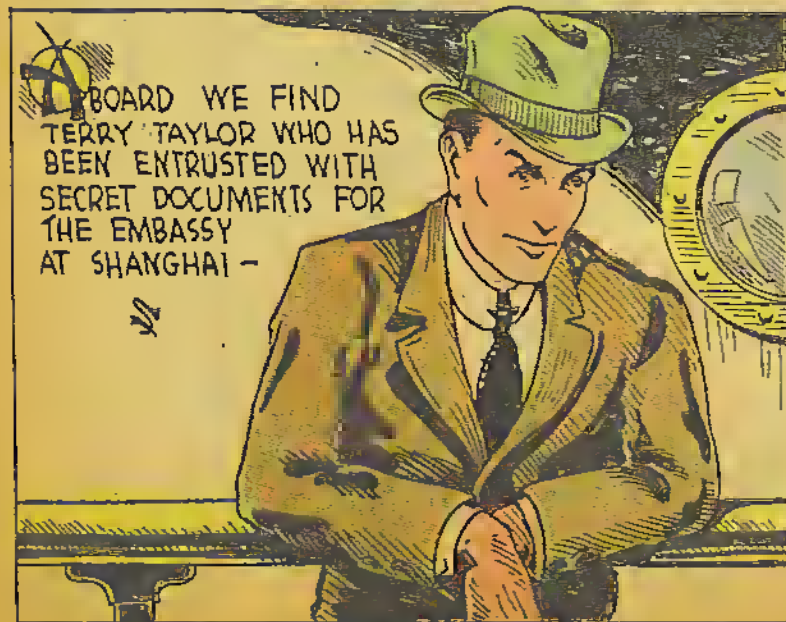
by
ROBERT L.
WOOD

Riley

A TERRY
TAYLOR
MYSTERY



THE S.S. EASTERN EMPRESS IS MAKING HER WAY UP THE CHINA COAST BOUND FOR SHANGHAI --- THE PORT OF MISSING MEN.



ON BOARD WE FIND
TERRY TAYLOR WHO HAS
BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH
SECRET DOCUMENTS FOR
THE EMBASSY
AT SHANGHAI -



THE DOCK AT SHANGHAI -



ON THE DOCK TWO FIGURES
KEENLY WATCH AS THE PASSENGERS
COME ASHORE -

COME WE MUST NOT KEEP
OUR GOOD FRIEND WAITING-



MISTER TAYLOR I BELIEVE - I'M
HERE TO TAKE YOU TO THE
EMBASSY -



THERE HE IS ! THAT'S
HIM - MISTER TERRY
TAYLOR-AH ! NOW WE--



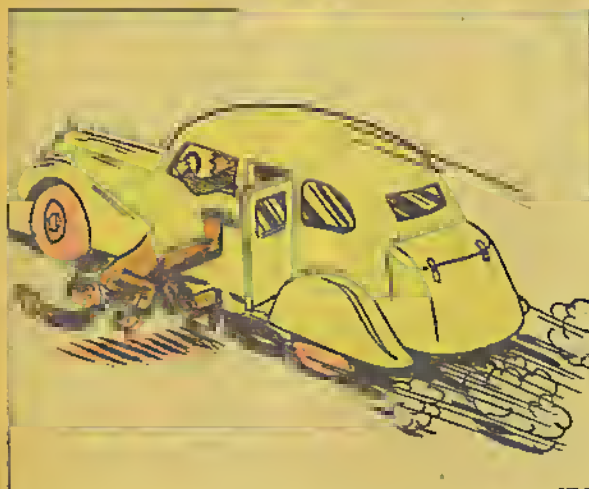
CERTAINLY MISTER TAYLOR
JUST STEP RIGHT IN - WE'LL
BE THERE IN A JIFFY

WHAT THE --?

QUIET ---



- PASS OVER THE DOCUMENTS
AND MAKE IT SNAPPY -



AFTER A BRIEF STRUGGLE TERRY IS
SLUGGED AND THROWN FROM THE
SPEEDING CAR -

HOURS
LATER -



WE SHALL DO ALL IN OUR POWER
AND GIVE YOU OUR ENTIRE SUPPORT
IN APPREHENDING THESE
CRIMINALS

THANK YOU SIR, AND
I SHALL DO MY BEST



STILL LATER IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE
OF THE CONSUL AT SHANGHAI

WELL I'LL BE THERE
GOES THE OLD FOX
IN THAT DOOR -



A PRETTY SMART TRICK OF
YOURS, DOC HIDING
RIGHT UNDER THEIR
NOSES

WHY NOT- THEY
ARE SURE TO SEARCH
THE SURROUNDING
COUNTRY FIRST



SO, I FINALLY CAUGHT
UP WITH YOU MUGS - PUT
'EM UP



HURRY DOC

BANG
BANG

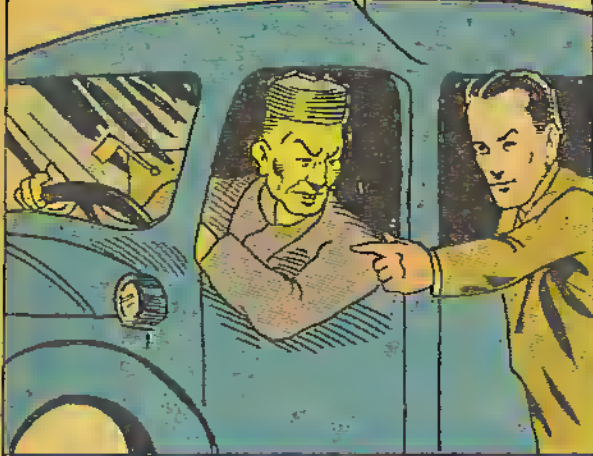
JUST AS TERRY REACHES THE
STREET THE THIEVES SPEED AWAY-



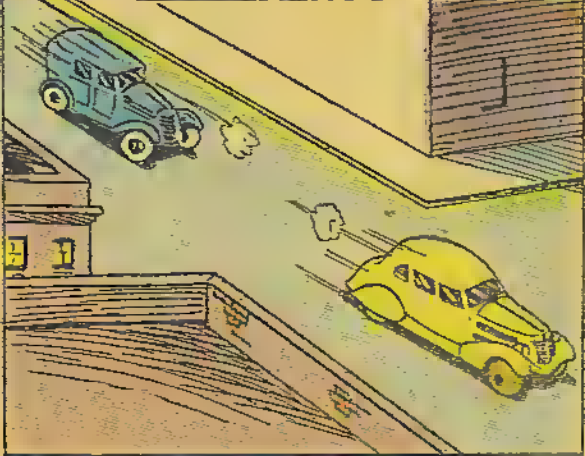
HEY TAXI



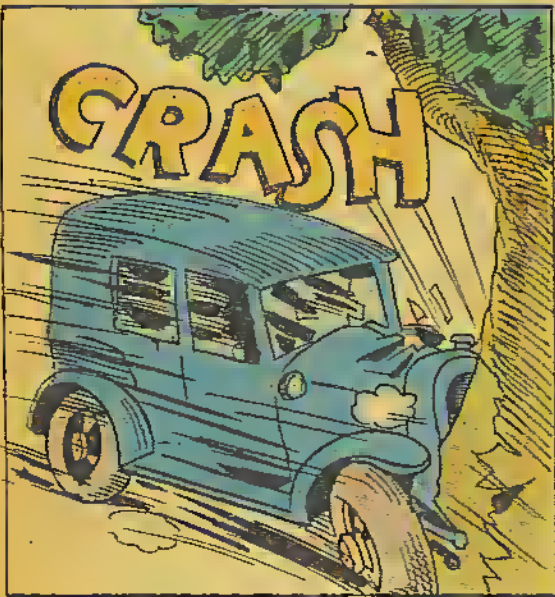
QUICK! FOLLOW THAT
CAR AHEAD -



A MAD CHASE ENSUES
WITH HEAVY GUNFIRE COMING
FROM BOTH CARS, UNTIL -



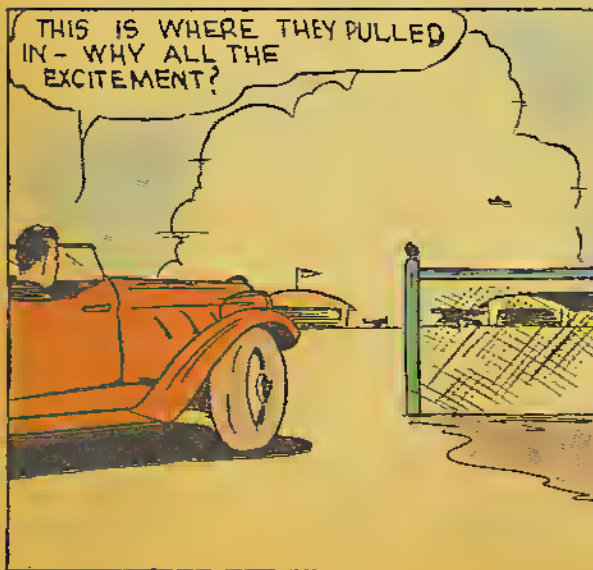
GRASH



**NOT TO
BE OUT-
DONE
TERRY
HAILS A
PASSING
MOTORIST-**

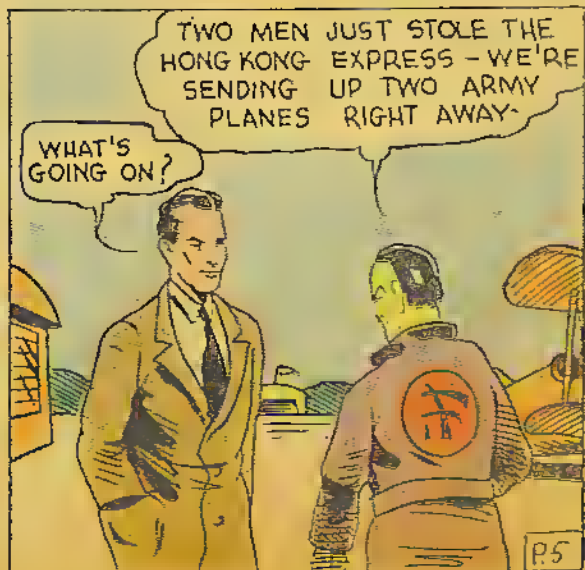


THIS IS WHERE THEY PULLED
IN - WHY ALL THE
EXCITEMENT?



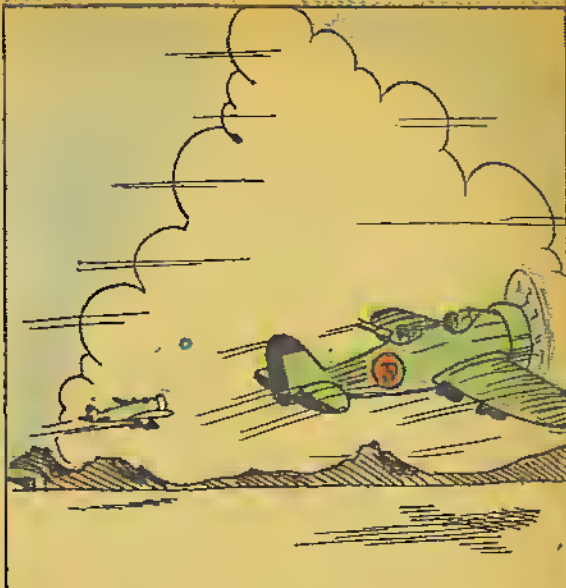
TWO MEN JUST STOLE THE
HONG KONG EXPRESS - WE'RE
SENDING UP TWO ARMY
PLANES RIGHT AWAY -

WHAT'S
GOING ON?



MY NAME IS TAYLOR-U.S. FOREIGN SERVICE, I'M FOLLOWING THESE MEN MAY I GO IN ONE OF THE PLANES?

CERTAINLY, MY FRIEND-

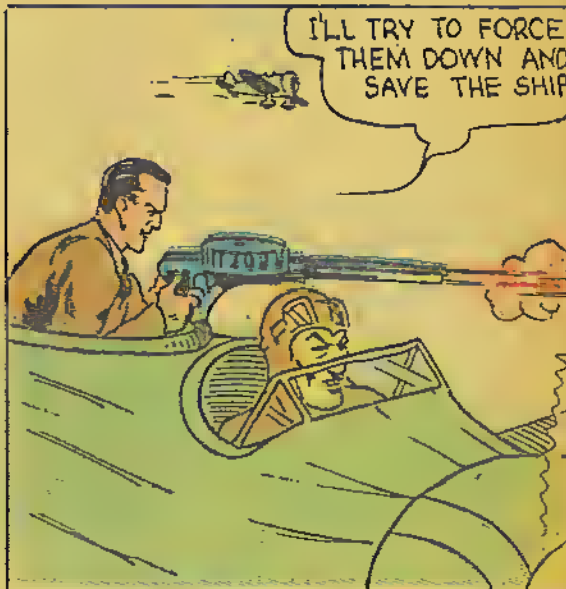


AFTER AN HOUR'S FLYING-

THERE'S THE HONG-KONG EXPRESS NOW-STRAIGHT AHEAD -

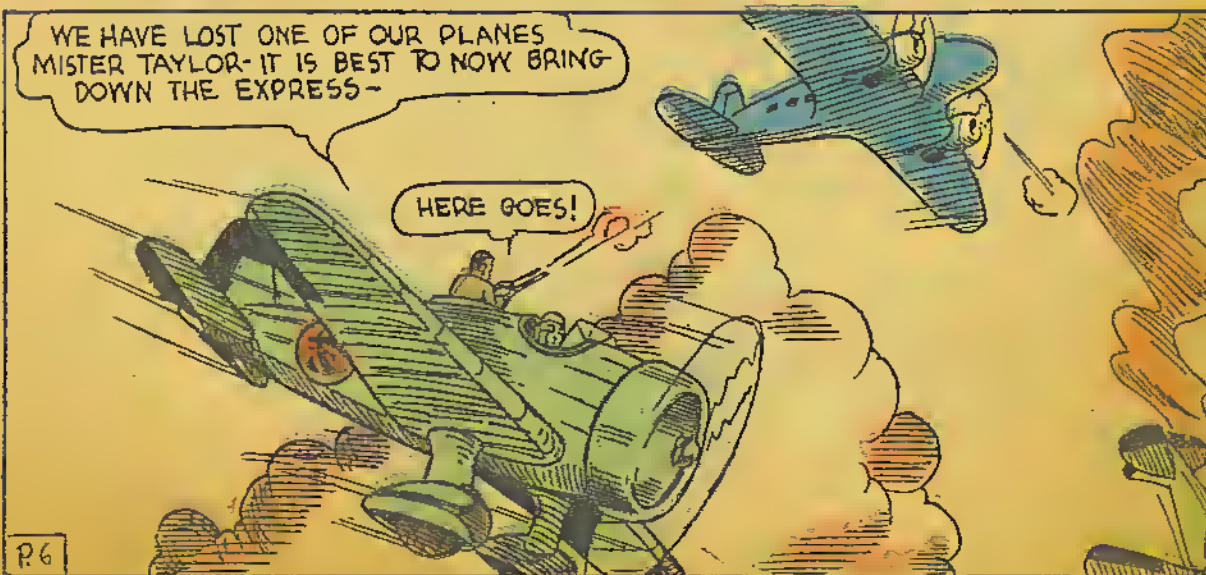


I'LL TRY TO FORCE THEM DOWN AND SAVE THE SHIP



WE HAVE LOST ONE OF OUR PLANES MISTER TAYLOR-IT IS BEST TO NOW BRING DOWN THE EXPRESS-

HERE GOES!



THERE SHE GOES - IT LOOKS
LIKE A CRACK-UP -



I MUST GET THOSE
DOCUMENTS -



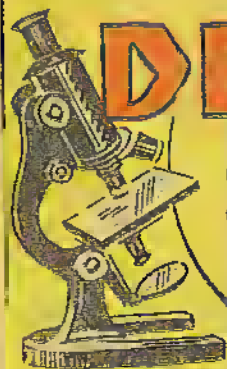
AND SO - TERRY RECOVERS
THE DOCUMENTS AND
RETURNS TO SHANGHAI
WHERE HE PRESENTS
THEM TO THE EMBASSY -



CONGRATULATIONS
TAYLOR - YOU HAVE
DONE A MIGHTY
FINE JOB -

THANK YOU





DETECTIONotes

HAIR AS A CLUE!

ABOVE SKETCH SHOWS HOW HAIR OF A SQUIRREL (A) AND THE HAIR OF A HUMAN (B) LOOKS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE'S EYE.

SCIENTIFIC

SLEUTHS OFTEN SOLVE A CRIME BY USING A SINGLE HAIR AS A CLUE.

HAIR WHEN STUDIED UNDER THE ALL SEEING EYE OF THE MICROSCOPE REVEAL IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT THE GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF AN UNKNOWN CULPRIT SUCH AS AGE, COLOR OF HAIR, DEGREE OF BALDNESS, AND WHETHER IT IS FROM THE HEAD OF A CAUCASIAN, MONGOLIAN, OR COLORED PERSON.



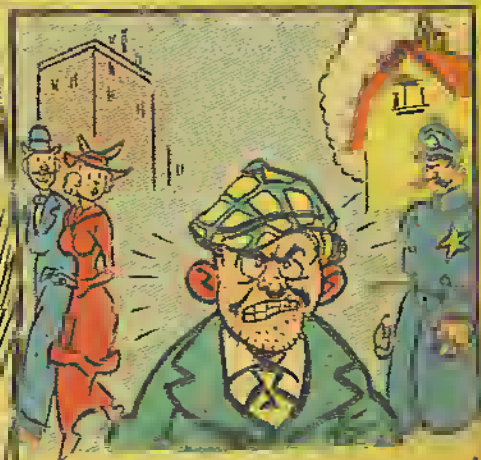
LOCARD OF LYONS!

DR. EDMUND LOCARD, CHIEF OF THE FRENCH POLICE LABORATORY AT LYONS, IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING SCIENTIFIC SLEUTHS!

HE HAS OFTEN READ THE SECRET OF A BAFFLING CRIME IN A FEW SPECKS OF DUST. A MAN'S FATE MAY HANG ON WHAT THESE INVISIBLE CLUES REVEAL UNDER THE MICROSCOPE



SEVENTY-SIX PER CENT OF THE SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE F.B.I., WASHINGTON, D.C., HOLD ONE OR MORE UNIVERSITY DEGREES. THEY SPEAK FLUENTLY ONE OR MORE OF 21 FOREIGN LANGUAGES. THEY HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE IN OVER 100 DIFFERENT TRADES, INDUSTRIES, BUSINESSES, SCIENCES AND PROFESSIONS. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE SPECIAL AGENTS HAVE TWO COLLEGE DEGREES OR MORE.



ARE SOME CRIMINALS EARS RED?

IN ROMANIA, ON ACCOUNT OF AN OUTBREAK OF PICKPOCKET ACTIVITY, AFFECTING THE TOURIST TRADE, THE POLICE ARE NOW "PAINTING THE EARS OF THE LIGHT-FINGERED CROOKS A DARK RED COLOR" SO THAT ALL MAY KNOW.



FIRST DETECTIVE OF NEW YORK CITY

"OLD JOHN" HAYS, IN 1836, WHEN SERVING AS THE CITY HIGH CONSTABLE FORMULATED THE PLAN FOR THE FIRST CITY DETECTIVE FORCE IN AMERICA, AND BECAME THE CHIEF DETECTIVE OF NEW YORK.

HAYS OFTEN DISGUISED HIMSELF IN OUTLANDISH FASHION IN ORDER TO BRING IN A WANTED CRIMINAL.



WALLACE BALDWIN